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NO. 90

Oct. '64

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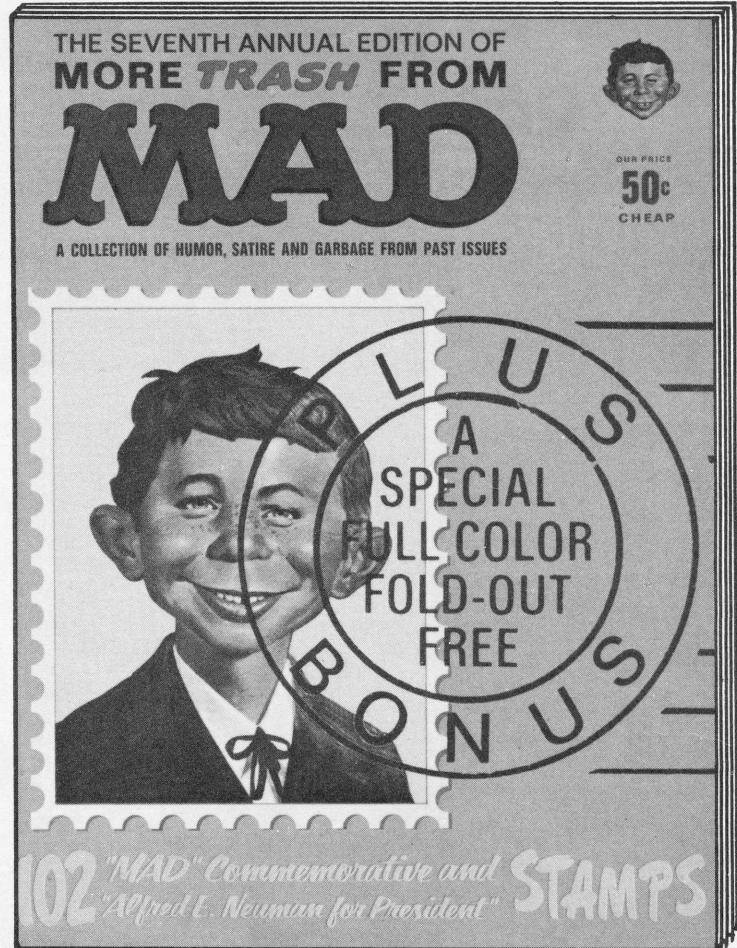
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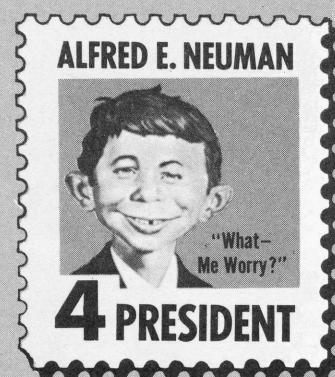
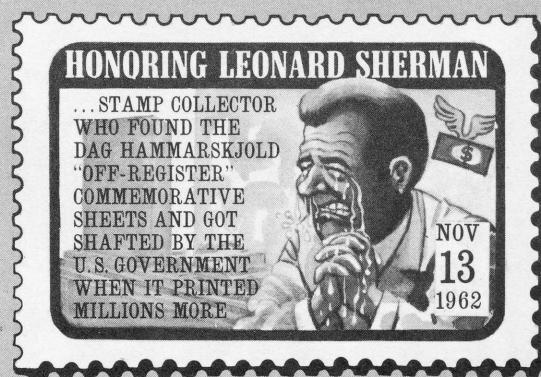
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MAD

"A sense of humor is what makes you laugh at something which would make you sore if it happened to you!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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VITAL FEATURES

IF
CELEBRITIES
RAN FOR
OFFICE
Pg. 4



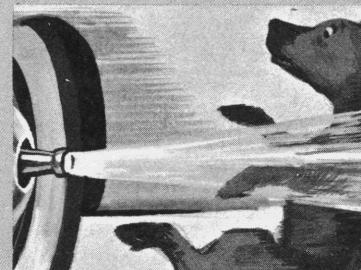
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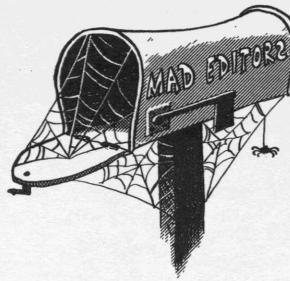


MAD'S
TEENAGE IDOL
PROMOTER
OF THE YEAR
Pg. 43

Why Kill Yourself?



LETTERS DEPT.



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nobody

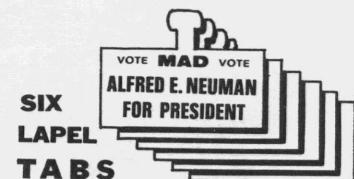
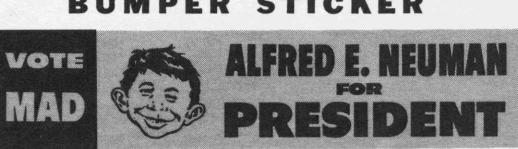
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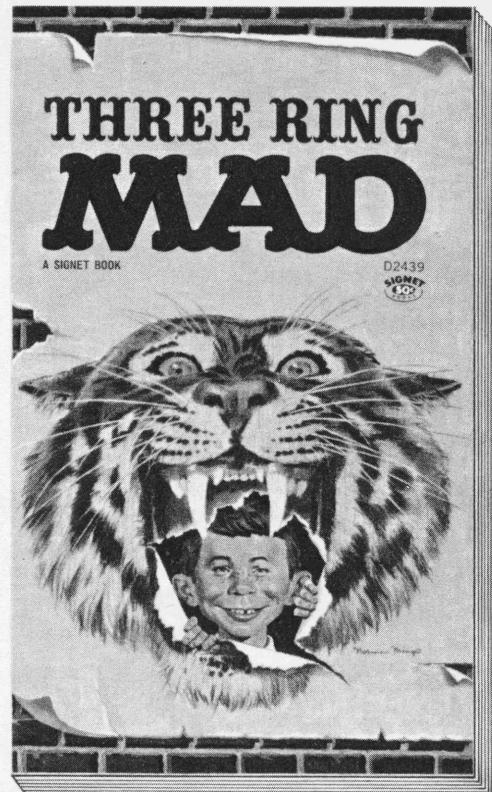


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wrote!

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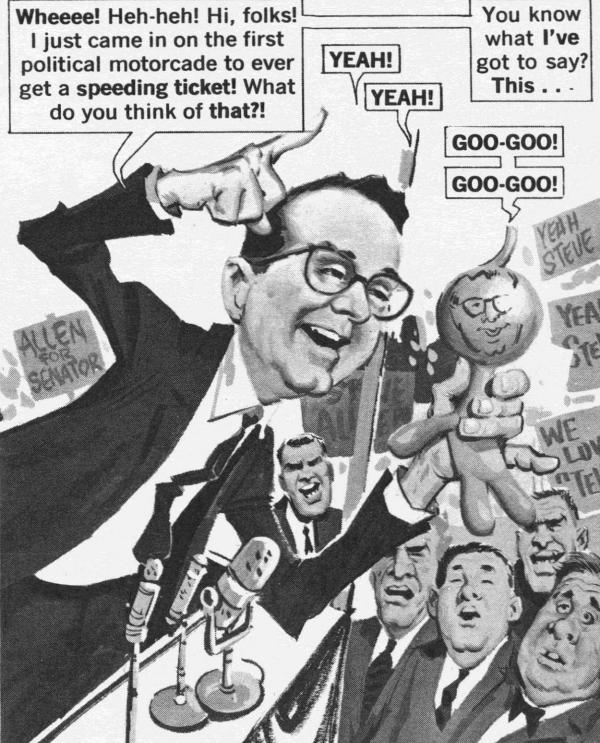
HITCH YOUR BANDWAGON TO A STAR DEPT.

We've noticed that, in recent years, an increasing number of celebrated people have attempted to embark upon political careers: Theodore Bikel, Norman Mailer and Gore Vidal to mention just a few. Recently, astronaut

IF CELEBRITIES RAN

IF STEVE ALLEN RAN FOR SENATOR

Ladies and gentlemen, I see the motorcade has finally arrived—and here he comes . . . the man who's going to be your next Senator—
STEVE ALLEN!

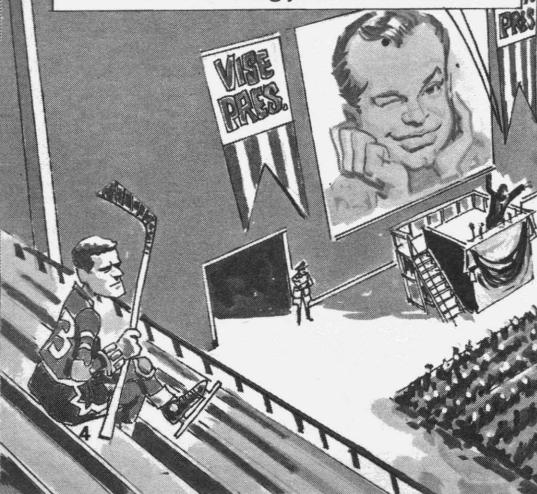


Isn't that a ridiculous sight—Me—running for Senator, and squeezing a "Goo-Goo Doll"? Never mind the "Goo-Goo Doll"! A lot of people think me running for Senator is a ridiculous sight!



IF JACK PAAR RAN FOR VICE PRESIDENT

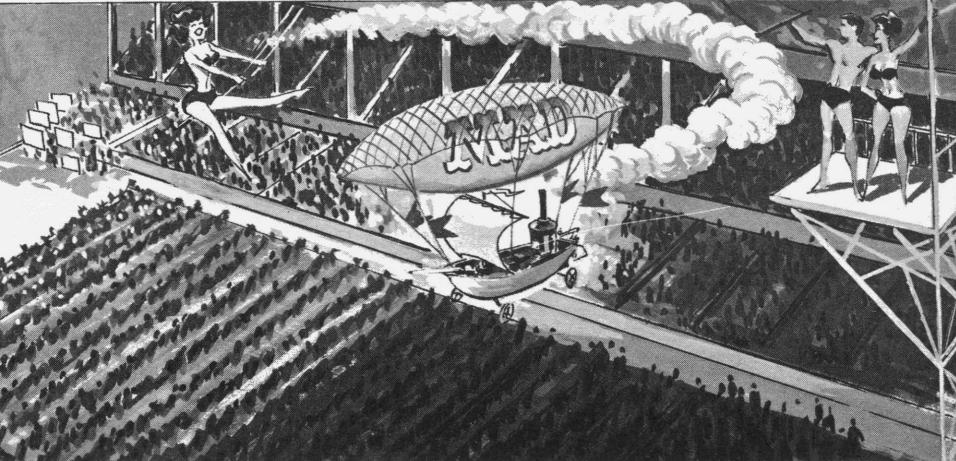
Good evening. I know a lot of you Madison Square Garden "regulars" are disappointed. You were expecting the Friday Night Fights . . . and I show up! Well, stick around! You've been seeing blood and sweat for so long, you may find tears a novelty! Look at it this way: I may not be as sensational as Hockey, but I am more thrilling than a Flower Show! Politically, a lot of people have been asking just where I stand.



Well, let's get one thing straight! I am not a Whig! I may wear one—but I'm not one! And if I wear one, it's because one's appearance has become all-important in winning votes. It's gotten so that having a "good press" is more important from a tailor than from newspapers and magazines. And of course, I'll never have a good press. I mean, newspapers are still picking on me from my morning radio show . . . back in college!

I had a speech prepared for tonight . . .

. . . but I don't think I'll use it. I haven't had much luck with speeches so far in this campaign, and I kind of suspect it's my speech writer. Before working for me, he worked for Richard Nixon. And before that, he wrote for Show Business Illustrated and the N. Y. Daily Mirror. And his first job was writing advertising copy for the Edsel, so I'm kind of concerned! Instead of a speech, I think I'll show my home movies! Okay, José—douse the Garden lights!

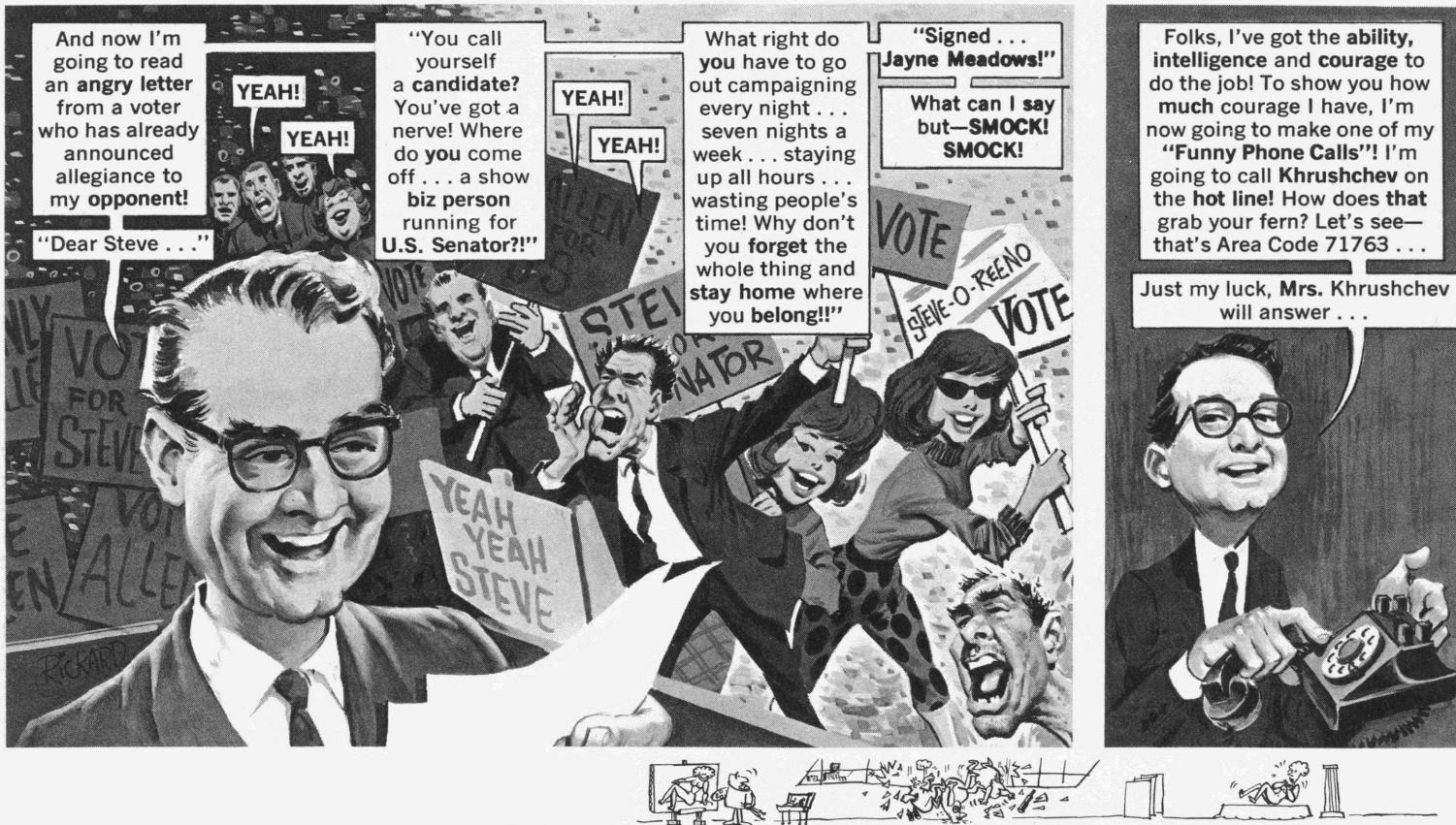


John Glenn and Oklahoma football coach Bud Wilkinson have each expressed their intent. So it looks like this trend is mushrooming. Which brings us to this article . . . mainly, what campaign speeches would be like . . .

FOR POLITICAL OFFICE

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

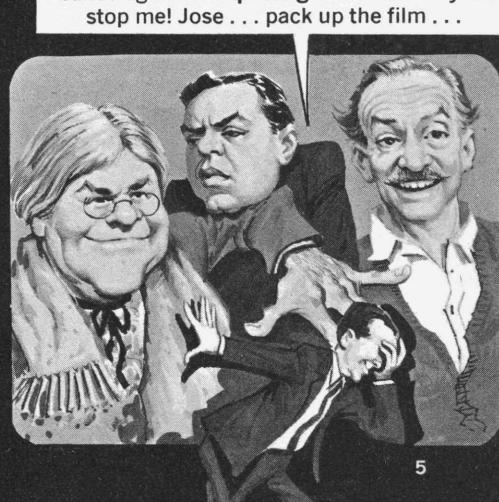
WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN



Here I am at the Berlin Wall—the incident a few years back when I got involved with East German troops and our press as usual blew it up out of proportion. If I can cause this much controversy as a **civilian**, you can imagine what I'll be capable of as Vice President! Actually, I try not to get **involved** in Foreign Affairs! I'm afraid my **wife** will find out!

Here I am with the "Dynamic Duo"—Zsa Zsa Gabor and Jayne Mansfield! I believe that my years in settling Gabor-Mansfield debates has prepared me well for handling emotional female political leaders like Madame Nhu or Grace Kelly or Queen Elizabeth if they should start acting up!

And how about this group—straight from the "Funny Farm"! Here I am with **Oscar Levant**, **Jonathan Winters** and **Alexander King**. If I can handle this group of nuts with diplomacy, I can handle **anybody**. I mean compared to any one of them, Khrushchev is like the nice little boy next door! Well, I see that nobody's applauding—so I'm getting off this bandwagon! I'm quitting! No—don't try to stop me! Jose . . . pack up the film . . .



IF CASSIUS CLAY RAN FOR CONGRESSMAN

I'll make this press conference short and sweet . . .
In this here election, I can't be beat!

Gentlemen, you are looking at the greatest political figure America has ever seen! Washington, Lincoln and Van Buren combined didn't have one-tenth the ability I have! In fact, I don't know why I confine myself to just local politics . . .

I'd be perfection in a National Election
There'd be no selection but Me!

Your opponent says you don't stand a chance!

I won't even dignify that blabbermouth by mentioning his name! But I will say—

I'll win the vote
And he'll be the goat!

And furthermore . . .

At 7:00 the voting
Will begin—
He'll be conceding
At 7:10!

A lot of voters say you won't win either!

Those people have no humility!
They should be grateful for the opportunity to vote for me! A Cassius Clay comes along once in a century! That's why I'm here—to lead them! I'm wiser than they are! In fact . . .

I have more knowledge
Than the Electoral College!



Everyone expects a close election!

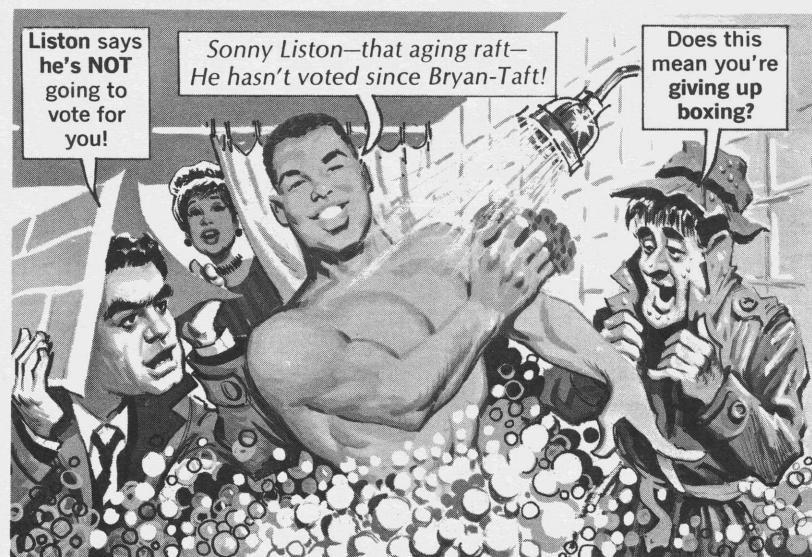
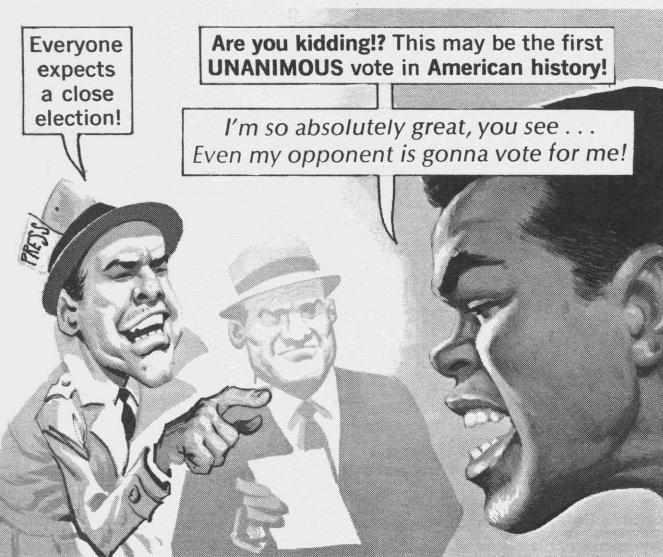
Are you kidding? This may be the first UNANIMOUS vote in American history!

I'm so absolutely great, you see . . .
Even my opponent is gonna vote for me!

Liston says he's NOT going to vote for you!

Sonny Liston—that aging raft—
He hasn't voted since Bryan-Taft!

Does this mean you're giving up boxing?



I'm not giving up anything! I'm the greatest in everything so I'm giving up nothing! As a matter of fact—mark this down—I am stepping up my superlative activities in each of my fields—Poetry, Boxing and Politics! And I issue a challenge to the supposed "Greats" in these fields:

I challenge: LYNDON B. JOHNSON—to a poetry-reading contest;
SONNY LISTON—to run against me for Congress,
and
CARL SANDBURG—to fight me! Any time! Any place!

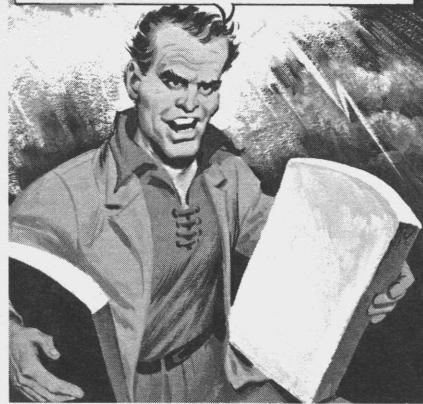


IF CHARLTON HESTON RAN FOR GOVERNOR

Forget that I'm Charlton Heston, the actor! Forget the roles I've played! Don't let that influence you! Judge me only by my qualifications! Only remember that you are in need of a leader in this State—and I am that person! I have come to lead you out of bondage! The bondage of a corrupt, do-nothing State Administration! I have been chosen to lead you! Do not ask who it was that chose me. I can only say "somebody very high up"!



A good State Government must follow certain rules! I like to think of these rules as "commandments"! I have carved them on these tablets so you can read them. There happen to be 10 of them. I had time to prepare this while I was confined up at Mount Sinai Hospital in N.Y.!



My opponent is trying to prevent my supporters from voting through gerrymandering . . . but I say he will not succeed! I say **LET MY PEOPLE VOTE!** And now, follow me across the lake to another rally! We haven't got boats, but somehow we'll make it across the water! Maybe we'll surf across! Maybe we'll swim! Who knows? We'll find a way . . . a miracle . . .



IF HUGH HEFNER RAN FOR MAYOR

Hi, guys and gals. I'm glad you could make the scene here in my living room. There must be 4000 here—and another 2300 in the foyer. Good to see such a nice turnout. I think you'll agree with me that the new trend is toward the "Urban-Sophisticated-Young-Man-Approach" to politics! In other words, if you elect me Mayor, we'll have a "Fun-City"!

There are elements in this town that are strongly opposed to me—the "Old-Guard-Conservative-No-Kissing-On-The-First-Date" group! To give you an idea how way out—conservative-wise—these cats are, the man they're supporting, my opponent, still wears white socks with a blue suit—and brown shoes! Now I ask you—is this the kind of man we want for Mayor? Do we want our town to be "Squaresville, U.S.A."—a mecca for old ladies reading the "Reader's Digest"???



These Ultra-Conservatives criticize my tactics and attempt to censor my approach . . . the very things I stand for—the right to conduct a free and American-type campaign—something our forefathers would be proud of! And now, while my assistants pass out some of my "Combination Campaign Buttons and Cocktail Coasters," I invite you to mingle with political and other figures down in my pool!

IF JERRY LEWIS RAN FOR DOG CATCHER

And now . . . ladies and gentlemen . . . here he is—your next City Dog Catcher . . . JERRY LEWIS!



I think I broke a whole thing here! A whole section crushed! A whole liver is destroyed! Already I got an injury while campaigning—so what's gonna be after I'm Dog Catcher? And especially since the dogs in this town hate me from another job! I was a Mailman here for a week! In your life you never saw such a popular left ankle!!



What is it with the silence? With the not laughing? The way you're reacting, I think it would be better to talk to the dogs—and throw a muzzle on the crowd!



Here we go with our answer to the National Safety Council's predictions of how many people will be involved in what type major catastrophes. Mainly—

THE MAD SAFETY COUNCIL'S PREDICTIONS

For The Upcoming Labor Day Weekend

(How many people will be involved in what-type minor catastrophes)

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

WRITER: STAN HART

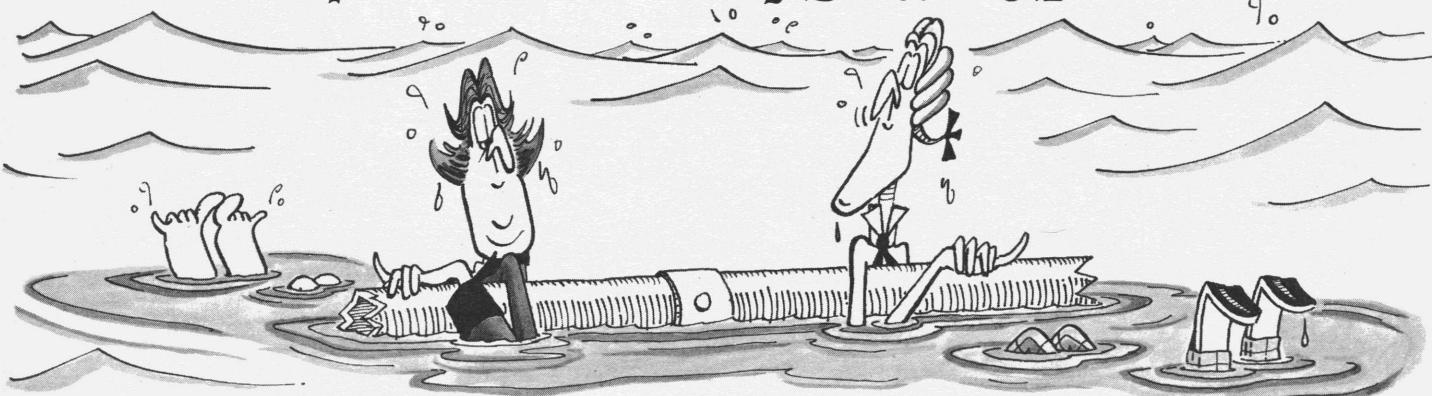


PREDICTION	1,700,000	1,800,000	1,900,000	2,000,000	2,100,000
Men who will be mistaken for dead but who will actually be watching a N. Y. Mets double-header on TV.					
Girls who will feel miserable and lonely because there are no fellows at their resort hotel.					
Girls who will feel miserable and lonely even though there are plenty fellows at their resort hotel.					
Kids whose lips will be shredded when they get stuck to frozen Fudgicles.					
Cars that will be stopped by unmarked police cars for reckless driving.					
Unmarked police cars that will be stopped by other unmarked police cars for reckless driving.					
Kids who will suffer chlorine blur diving into swimming pools to retrieve their locker keys.					
Parents who will worry when they don't see their child getting off the Camp Train.					
Parents who will cheer when they don't see their child getting off the Camp Train.					
Women who will suffer heat prostration while wearing mink jackets at fancy hotels when temperature is in the 90's.					
People who will vow to get together with their Summer acquaintances over the Winter.					
People who will actually get together with their Summer acquaintances over the Winter.					

ETIQUETTE

by Sir William S. Gilbert

adapted and illustrated by Sir Don Martin



The *Ballyshannon* foundered off the coast of Cariboo,
And down in fathoms many went the captain and the crew;
Down went the owners—greedy men whom hope of gain allured:
Oh, dry the starting tear, for they were heavily insured.

These passengers, by reason of their clinging to a mast,
Upon a desert island were eventually cast.
They hunted for their meals, as ALEXANDER SELKIRK* used,
But they couldn't chat together—they had not been introduced.

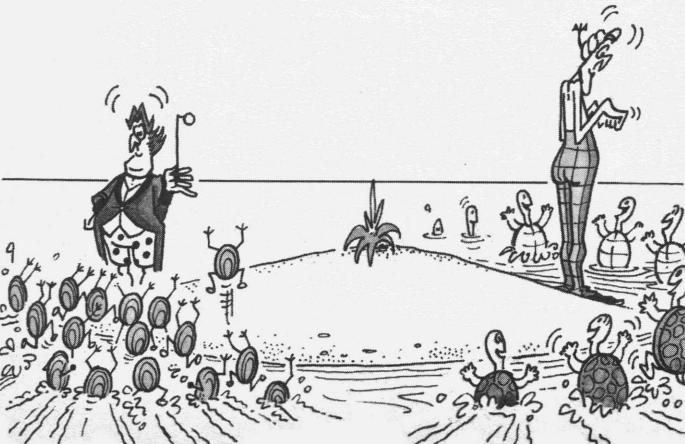
*Inspiration for Robinson Crusoe.

Besides the captain and the mate, the owners and the crew,
The passengers were also drowned excepting only two;
Young PETER GRAY, who tasted teas for BAKER, CROOP & Co.,
And SOMERS, who from Eastern shores imported indigo.

For PETER GRAY, and SOMERS too, though certainly in trade,
Were properly particular about the friends they made;
And somehow thus they settled it without a word of mouth—
That GRAY should take the northern half,
while SOMERS took the south.



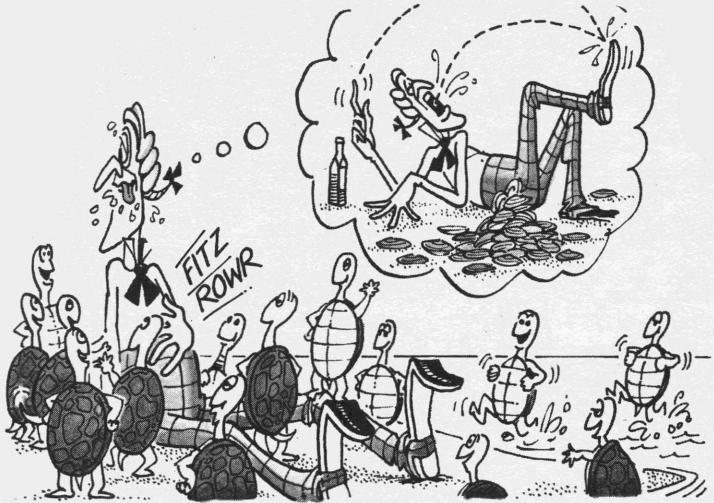
On PETER's portion grew—a delicacy rare,
But oysters were a delicacy PETER couldn't bear.
On SOMERS' side was turtle, on the shingle lying thick,
Which SOMERS couldn't eat, because it always made him sick.



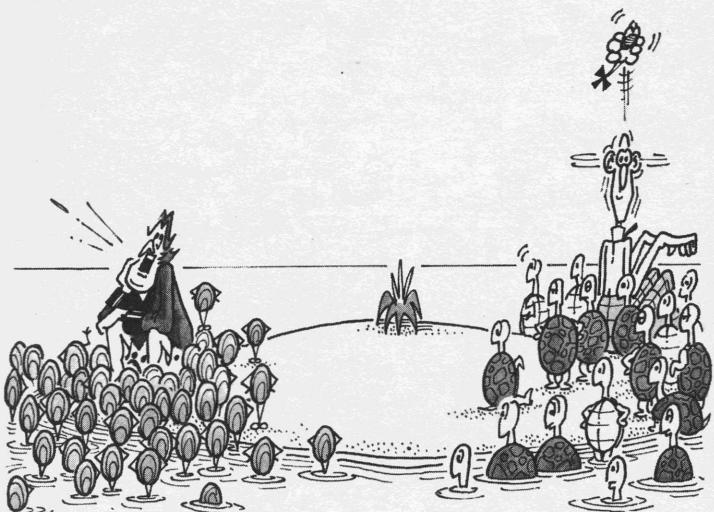
GRAY gnashed his teeth with envy as he saw a mighty store
Of turtle unmolested on his fellow-creature's shore.
The oysters at his feet aside impatiently he shoved,
For turtle and his mother were the only things he loved.



And SOMERS sighed in sorrow as he settled in the South,
For the thought of PETER's oysters brought water to his mouth.
He longed to lay him down upon the shelly bed, and stuff;
He had often eaten oysters, but had never had enough.



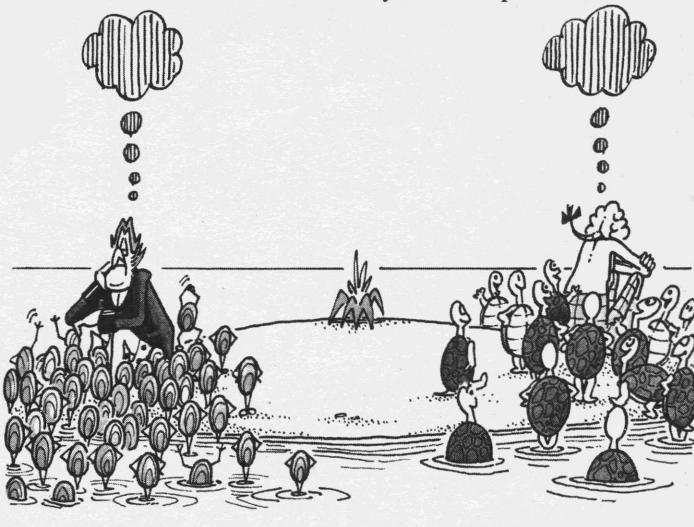
One day, when out a-hunting for the *mus ridiculus*,
GRAY overheard his fellow-man soliloquizing thus:
"I wonder how the playmates of my youth are getting on,
M'CONNELL, S. B. WALTERS, PADDY BYLES, and ROBINSON?"



"I beg your pardon—pray forgive me if I seem too bold,
But you have breathed a name I know familiarly of old.
You spoke aloud of ROBINSON—I happened to be by.
You know him?" "Yes, extremely well." "Allow me, so do I."



How they wished an introduction to each other they had had
When on board the *Ballyshannon!* And it drove them nearly mad
To think how very friendly with each other they might get,
If it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of etiquette!



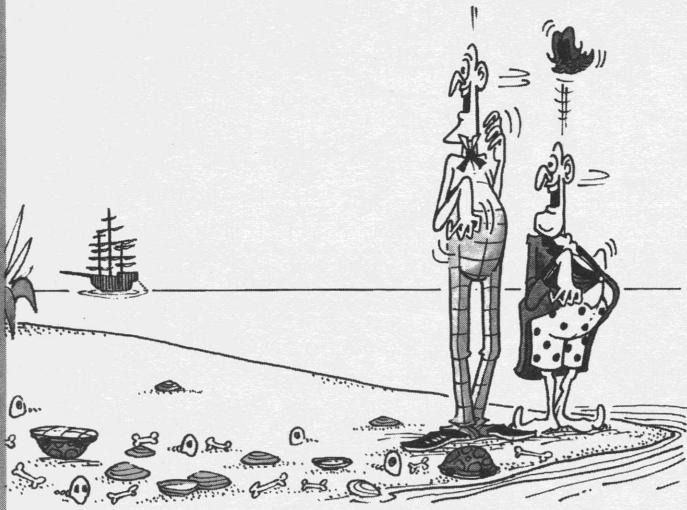
These simple words made PETER as delighted as could be,
Old chummates at the Charterhouse were ROBINSON and he!
He walked straight up to SOMERS, then he turned extremely red,
Hesitated, hummed and hawed a bit,
then cleared his throat, and said:



It was enough! They felt they could more pleasantly get on.
For (ah, the magic of the fact!) they each know ROBINSON!
And Mr. SOMERS' turtle was at PETER's service quite,
And Mr. SOMERS punished PETER's oyster-beds all night.



They lived for many years on that inhospitable shore,
And day by day they learned to love each other more and more.
At last, to their astonishment, on getting up one day,
They saw a frigate anchored in the offing of the bay.



As both the happy settlers roared with laughter at the joke,
They recognized a gentlemanly fellow pulling stroke:
'Twas ROBINSON—a convict, in an unbecoming frock!
Condemned to seven years for misappropriating stock!!!



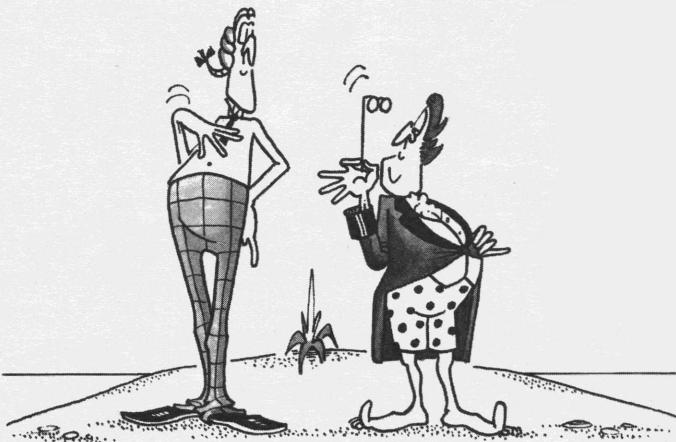
At first they didn't quarrel very openly I've heard;
They nodded when they met, and now and then exchanged a word;
The word grew rare, and rarer still the nodding of the head,
And when they meet each other now, they cut each other dead.



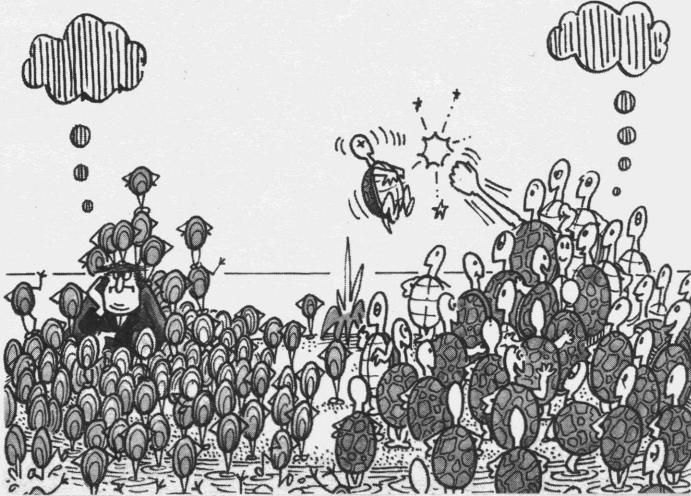
But all their joys were scattered in a moment when they found
The vessel was a convict ship from Portland, outward bound;
When a boat came off to fetch them,
though they felt it very kind,
To go on board they firmly but respectfully declined.



They laughed no more, for SOMERS thought
he had been rather rash
In knowing one whose friend had misappropriated cash;
And PETER thought a foolish tack he must have gone upon
In making the acquaintance of a friend of ROBINSON.



To allocate the island they agreed by word of mouth,
And PETER takes the north again, and SOMERS takes the south,
And PETER has the oysters, which he hates, in layers thick,
And SOMERS has the turtle—turtle always makes him sick.



FACE-LIFTING DEPT.

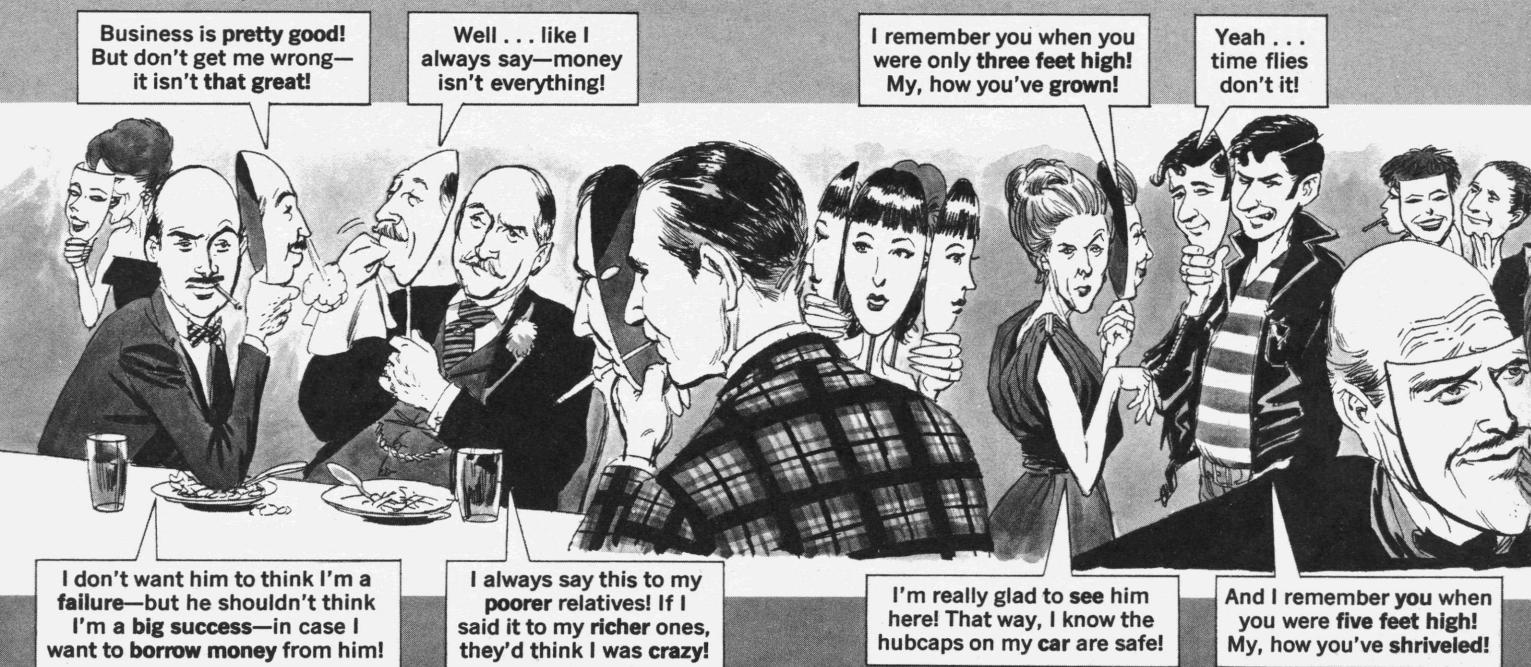
A few issues back, we ran a "Strange Interlude With Hazey" to show that there's a big difference between the way people talk and the way they actually feel! You'll remember (unless you were a fink and didn't buy that issue!) that Hazey and the people she worked for had masks or personna which they presented to the outside

STRANGE INTERLUDE

A STRANGE INTERLUDE WITH A BABYSITTER



A STRANGE INTERLUDE AT A FAMILY REUNION



world, while their real thoughts were spoken only to us. Well, in retrospect, we know darn few people who have maids like Hazey, so we'd like to show you how this "Strange Interlude" gimmick would work in situations that are closer to real life (in addition to the fact that new ideas are hard to come by!) Here, then, is . . .



S IN EVERYDAY LIFE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: STAN HART

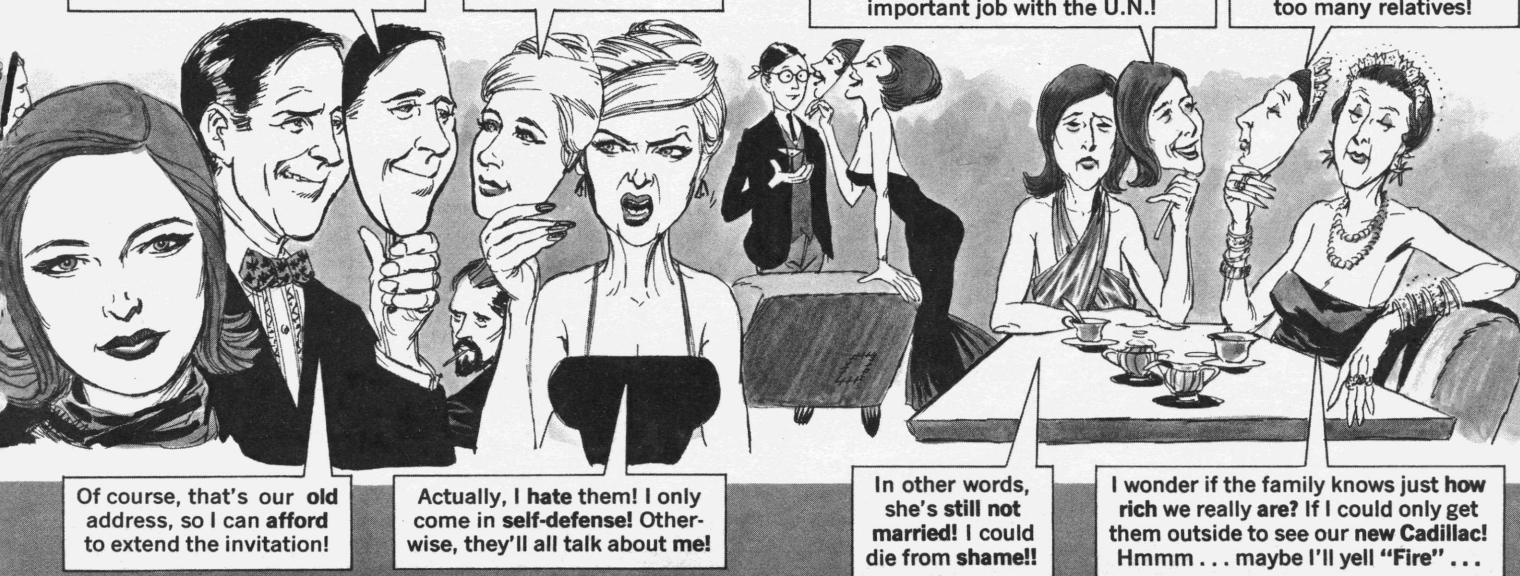


Too bad we only get together for family reunions! If you're ever in our neighborhood, drop in! You know our address . . .

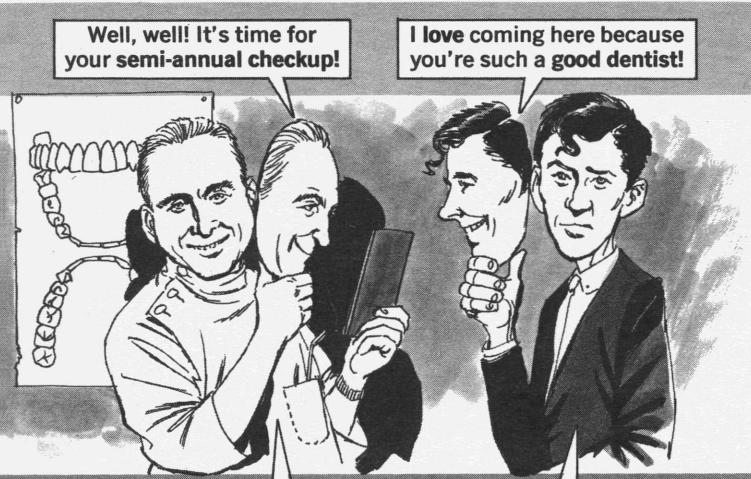
We should see more of each other! That's why I never miss one of these family affairs!

You remember my daughter, Cynthia! She graduated Radcliffe, took her Masters at Columbia and her Ph.D. at Cal Tech. Now she has a very important job with the U.N.!

Too bad we lose track of each other! With summers in Maine and winters in Palm Beach, we don't see too many relatives!

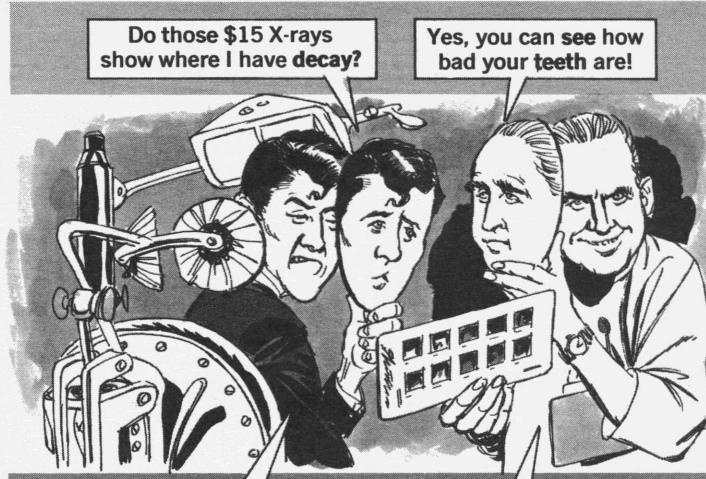


A STRANGE INTERLUDE WITH A DENTIST



It's also time for those little holes I drilled into your teeth 6 months ago to have developed into cavities!

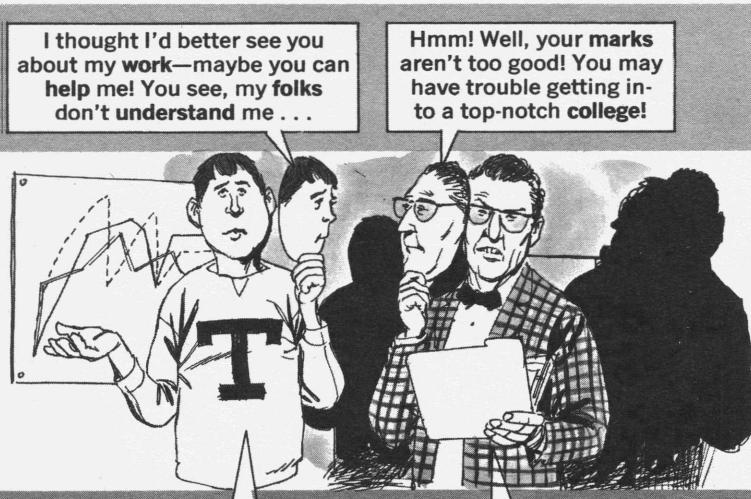
If I didn't need a dental note for school, wild horses couldn't have dragged me here!



I don't need X-rays! I know where the decay is! Under the 13 fillings he put in the last time!

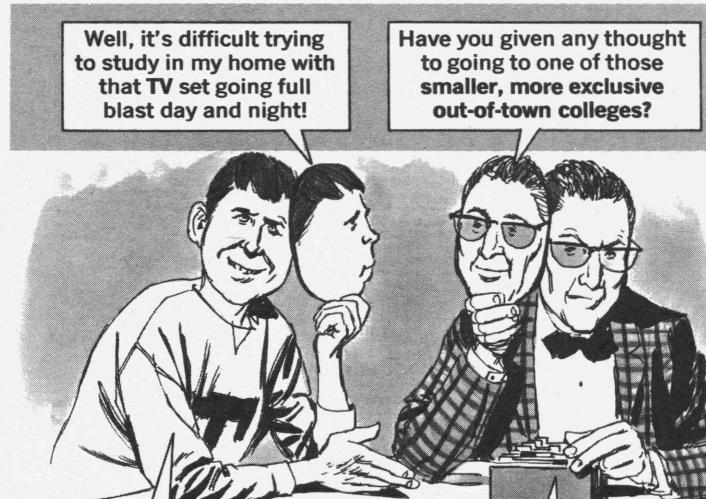
Actually, you can see how bad my wife's teeth are! They're her X-rays! I pass them off on all my patients!

A STRANGE INTERLUDE WITH A GRADE ADVISOR



Namely, they don't understand how I can fail subjects like "Lunch" and "Home Room" . . .

With these marks, he'd have trouble getting back into high school!



Especially since I'm the one who's watching it!

Let's see . . . there's one in Tanganyika that might take him!

A STRANGE INTERLUDE WITH A BLIND DATE



What a beast! That "Beware of Dog" sign shouldn't be on the lawn! It should be here . . . on the front door!

So this is the boy who my Mother said had everything! She must have been talking about his skin condition!



Well, don't let me stop you! I'll stay and talk to your folks! They must be fun-people . . . they look so cute hiding behind the curtains like that!

If we take a walk, I hope it's down a dark street—not for romance, but for prestige! I don't want to be seen with this creep!



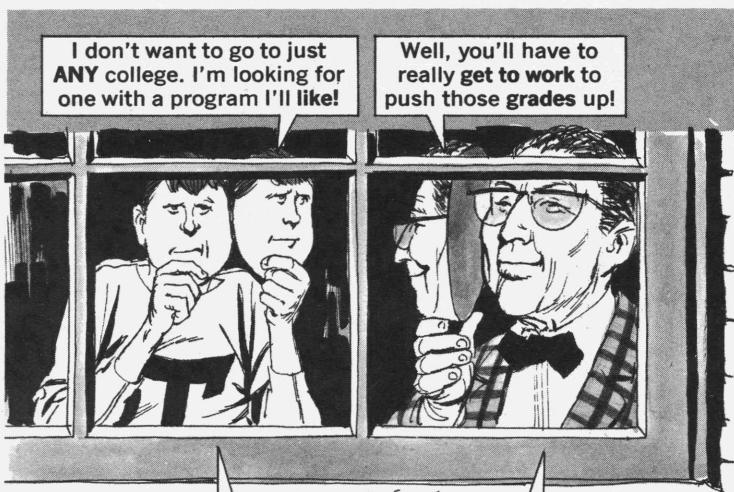
I always tell them to open wider! That way their jaws ache so much, they don't feel the agonizing pain when my drill slips and hits a nerve!

It won't hurt?! This guy kills me when he just cleans my teeth!



Especially since there's nothing wrong with it—YET!

Watch! He'll put in a temporary filling so I'll have to keep coming back for weeks! Those fillings are scientifically designed to fall out as soon as I leave his office!



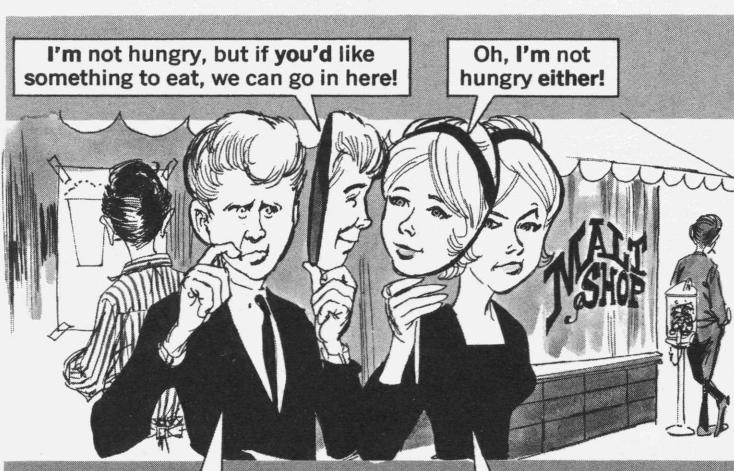
In other words, is there a good college that specializes in "Shop"?

At the rate he's going, he'll need special tutoring to qualify as a Drop-Out!



That's because I've left the office! I can't waste valuable time on goofy kids who need help and advice all the time!

Mainly, how come a college education is required to get an idiotic job like yours?

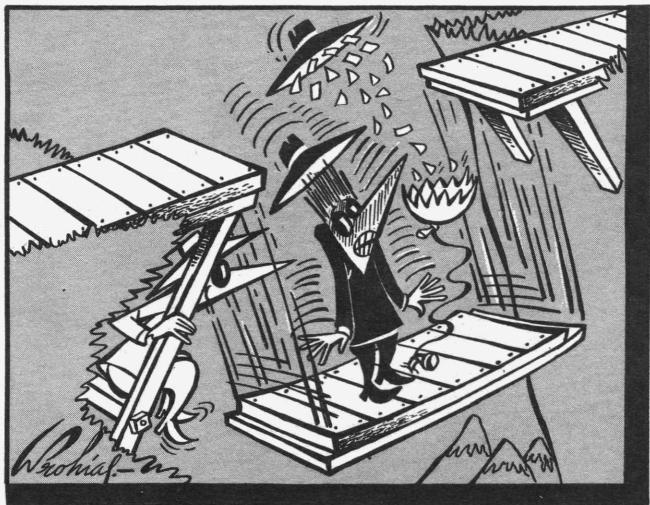
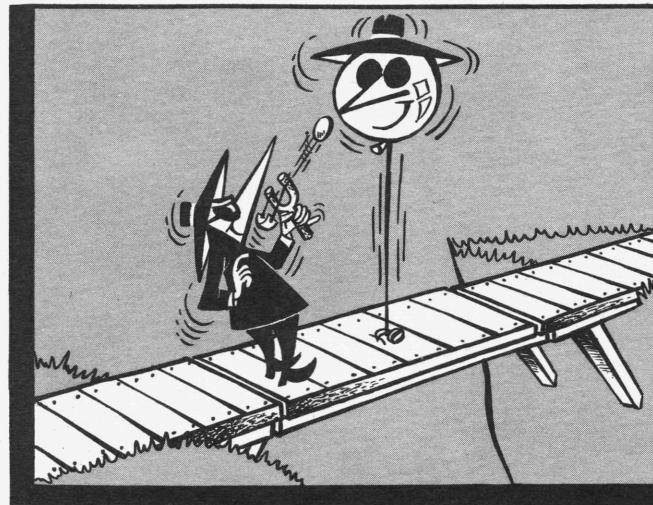
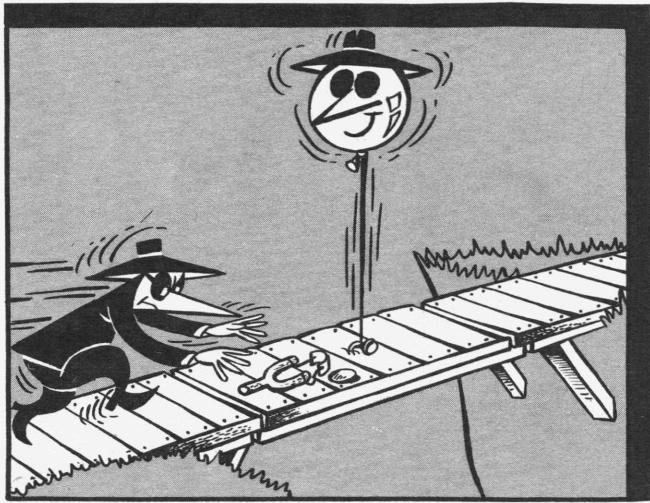
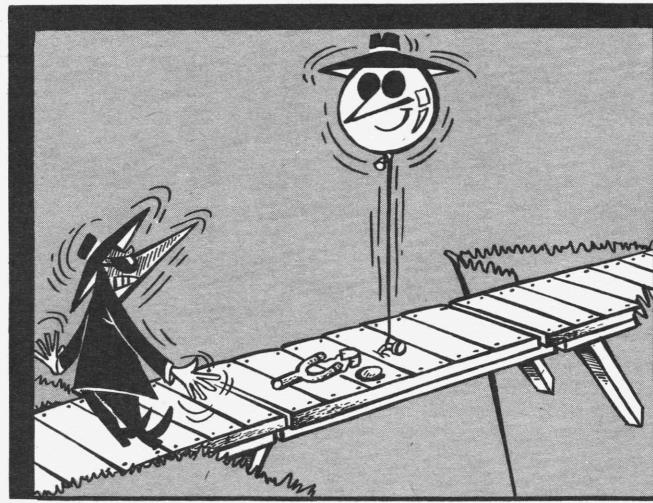
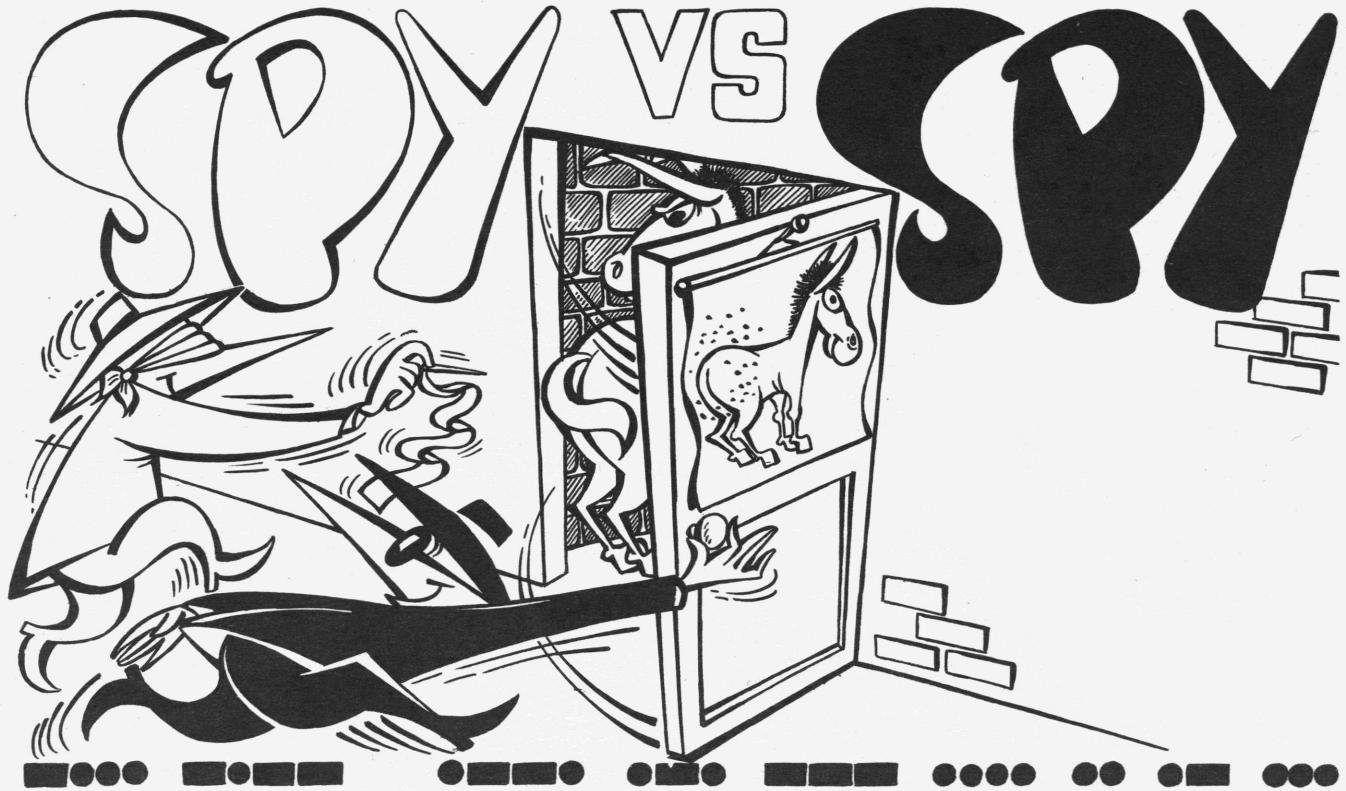


I hope not! If I spend money on her, she'll expect me to kiss her goodnight . . . and I couldn't do that on a full stomach!

Not much! Before he came, I had butterflies in my stomach—which is more than I have there now!



Come to think of it, this was the best date I've had in months! It's great to meet someone who's really your type!



Most people keep scrapbooks with mementoes of wonderful bygone years that were full of joy and happiness. But who said the past is always full of sweetness and light? Answer this—How are you feeling right now? Rotten, hah? Sure you do! That's why we'd like to see more honest collections of souvenirs from the past—including those that cover the miserable experiences, too! Something like this example we dug up recently:

Louise Cramm's REALISTIC MAD SCRAPBOOK

If found, please keep! It makes me sick!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: STAN HART

THE SIXTH GRADE CLASS

of

P. S. 193

presents

A MUSICAL SALUTE TO
ARBOR DAY

starring:

ERNIE FUMPFER as THE TREE
LOUISE CRAMM as THE TEAPOT
FINSTER HAGEN as THE CUP
DORIS MUGGERA as THE WET BAG

ACT 1

In A Garden

Solo Louise Cramm
Duet Doris Muggera
Trio & Finster Hagen
Trio Ernie Fumpfer,
Finster Hagen &

My first public performance—and
the worst day of my life. I sang:
"I'm a Little Tea Pot Short and Stout"
— and I was short and stout!



I won this award over 75
other contestants. For years,
I was famous for winning
it—and so ashamed of it!
It was for a "Freckle Contest"
my folks had entered me in!

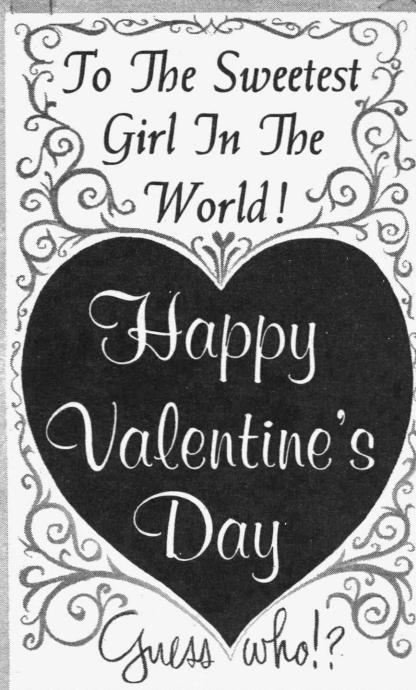
A drawing I recently
found while cleaning out my
closet. When I checked the
date on the back, I was surprised
to see how old I was when
I did it! Mainly because
I was sixteen!

FUDGIPOP LUCKY STICK

the only thing I ever really won—a free ice cream pop. Because I ate that second pop I'd won, my face broke out and I was too embarrassed to go to the Spring Dance!



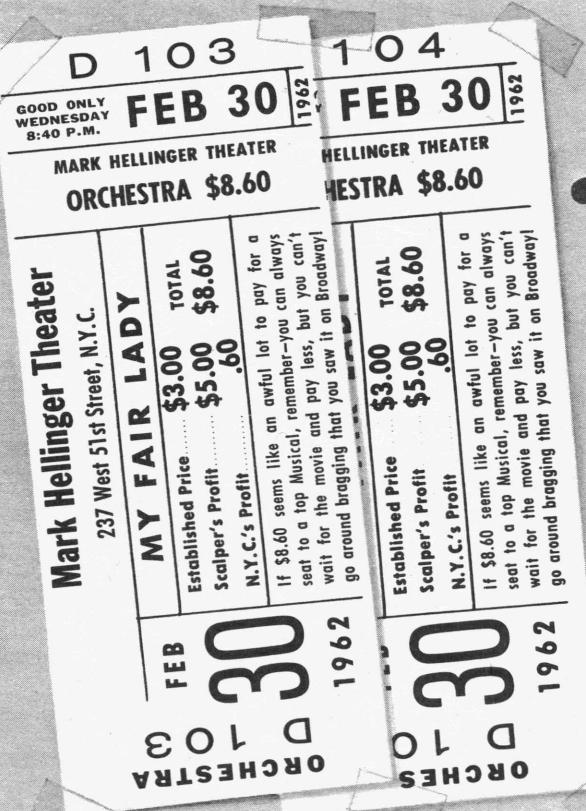
*My first date with Bob! Also my last date with Bob
after my folks saw this napkin!*



This card came with
a dozen roses. I was in
heaven until I recognized
my Father's handwriting



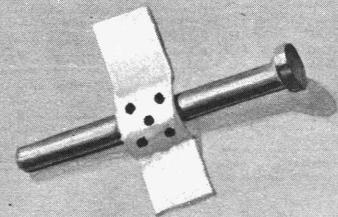
Me and Gregg at the High School Prom. I had a wonderful time -- at least I was having a wonderful time until Gregg said to me in front of everyone -- "Hey, this is fun, Cousin Louise!"



Oh, how I'd looked forward to this night!
It would have been great - if I hadn't come
down with Chicken Pox an hour before curtain time!



You are Arty, Marty and
I was at the beach,
tossing me 15 feet into
the air!



Here is the pin the doctors
put in my fractured arm
after I fell 15 feet at the
beach and landed on cement!

RAFFLE! RAFFLE!
Sponsored by
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S LEAGUE
TO CLEAN UP THEM OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE'S LEAGUES
for

A Luxurious, Expensive
MINK JACKET

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE 25c
—5 FOR \$1.00

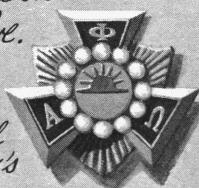
Drawing to be held June 25th, 1964

**WINNER MUST BE PRESENT AT DRAWING
IN ORDER TO CLAIM PRIZE**

No. K 8950

This is the winning raffle ticket! I found it in an old pocketbook two weeks after the drawing!

The fraternity pin that Don pinned on me New Year's Eve. Unfortunately, it was rusty and stuck me. I came out of the hospital in time for Don and Judy's engagement party!



The picnic where I really expected Ralph to pop the question - until I lost my stupid head and beat him in the Tug-O-War!

EXTRA-SENSELESS RECEPTION DEPT.

Have you noticed that most TV shows have very peculiar titles? Take f'rinstance "The Eleventh Hour". From the title, you might expect to see "The News". After all, that's

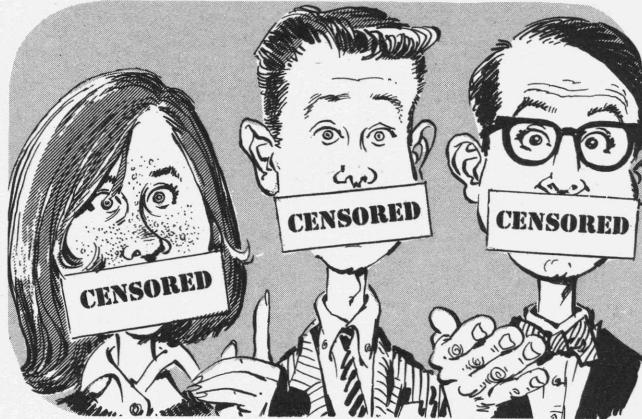
MISLEADING

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

**IF YOU SAW THIS TV SHOW
TITLE FOR THE FIRST TIME**

YOUTH
WANTS
TO
KNOW

**...THIS IS WHAT YOU'D
EXPECT IT TO BE ABOUT—**

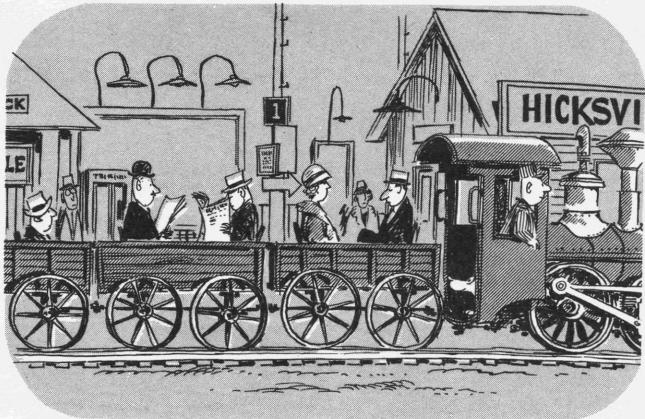


Mainly because this title sounds like it's a show about kids asking questions they *really* want answers to—but TV hasn't grown up enough for that quite yet. So they ask questions everyone *expects* nice young kids to ask.

FROM THIS TV SHOW TITLE ...

WAGON
TRAIN

...YOU MIGHT EXPECT THIS—



A title like this brings to mind a show about commuters who endure the ultimate in delapidation on their daily trips to the city from their suburban havens instead of a pedestrian Western travelling a well-beaten plot path.

EAST
SIDE /
WEST
SIDE



the only thing that's on at Eleven P.M. Turns out it's a show about Psychiatrists and it goes on at Ten P.M. If you think that's bad, here are some other shows with . . .

?

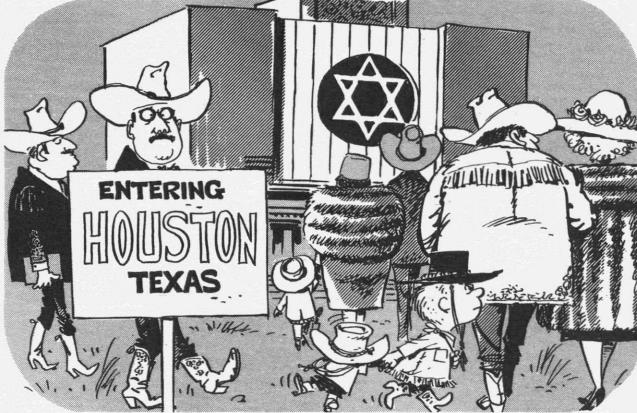
TV TITLES

WRITER: AL JAFFEE

AND IF YOU SAW THIS TV
TITLE FOR THE FIRST TIME

TEMPLE
HOUSTON

...THIS IS WHAT YOU'D
EXPECT IT TO BE ABOUT-



Mainly because thoughts of an unusual Western religious program are conjured up by the title of this show—but turns out to be just another one of those "Oatburners" that hasn't got a prayer of entertaining anyone over 10.

AND FROM THIS TV TITLE...

77
SUNSET
STRIP

...YOU MIGHT EXPECT THIS—



That's right! It sounds like a show about 77 nuts who disrobe at sundown. Actually, it's a brilliant detective series that gave us such wonderfully dramatic moments as Kookie Byrnes combing his hair. Now you get the idea!

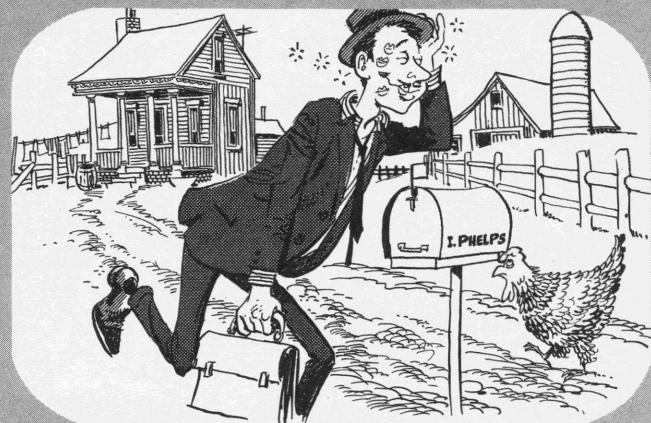
MY
THREE
SONS



**I've Got
A Secret**



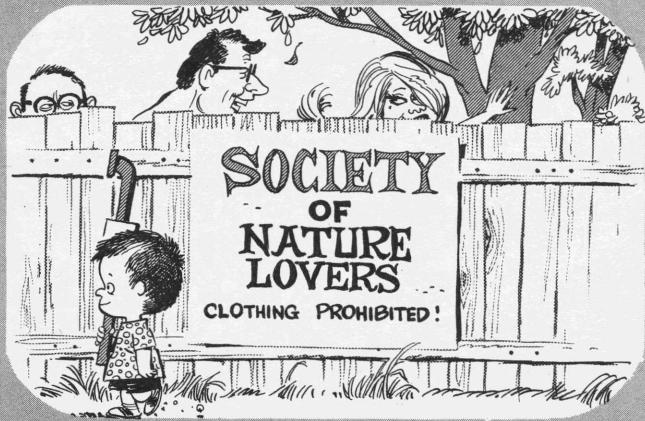
**THE FARMER'S
DAUGHTER**



**Bachelor
Father**



**NAKED
CITY**

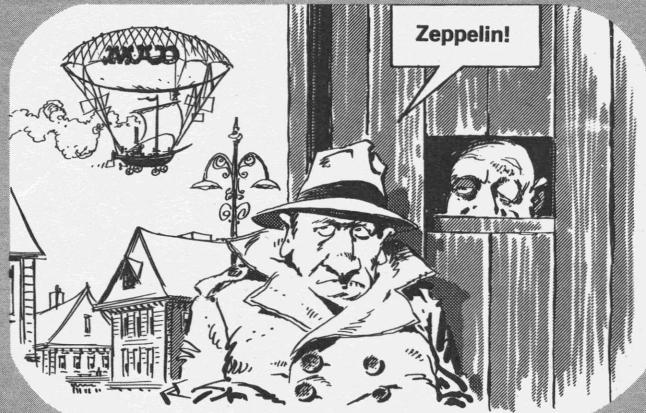


**YOU
ASKED
FOR IT**

**DUE TO POPULAR
DEMAND, WE ARE
ELIMINATING ALL
COMMERCIALS ON
THIS TV SHOW
PERMANENTLY**

PASSWORD

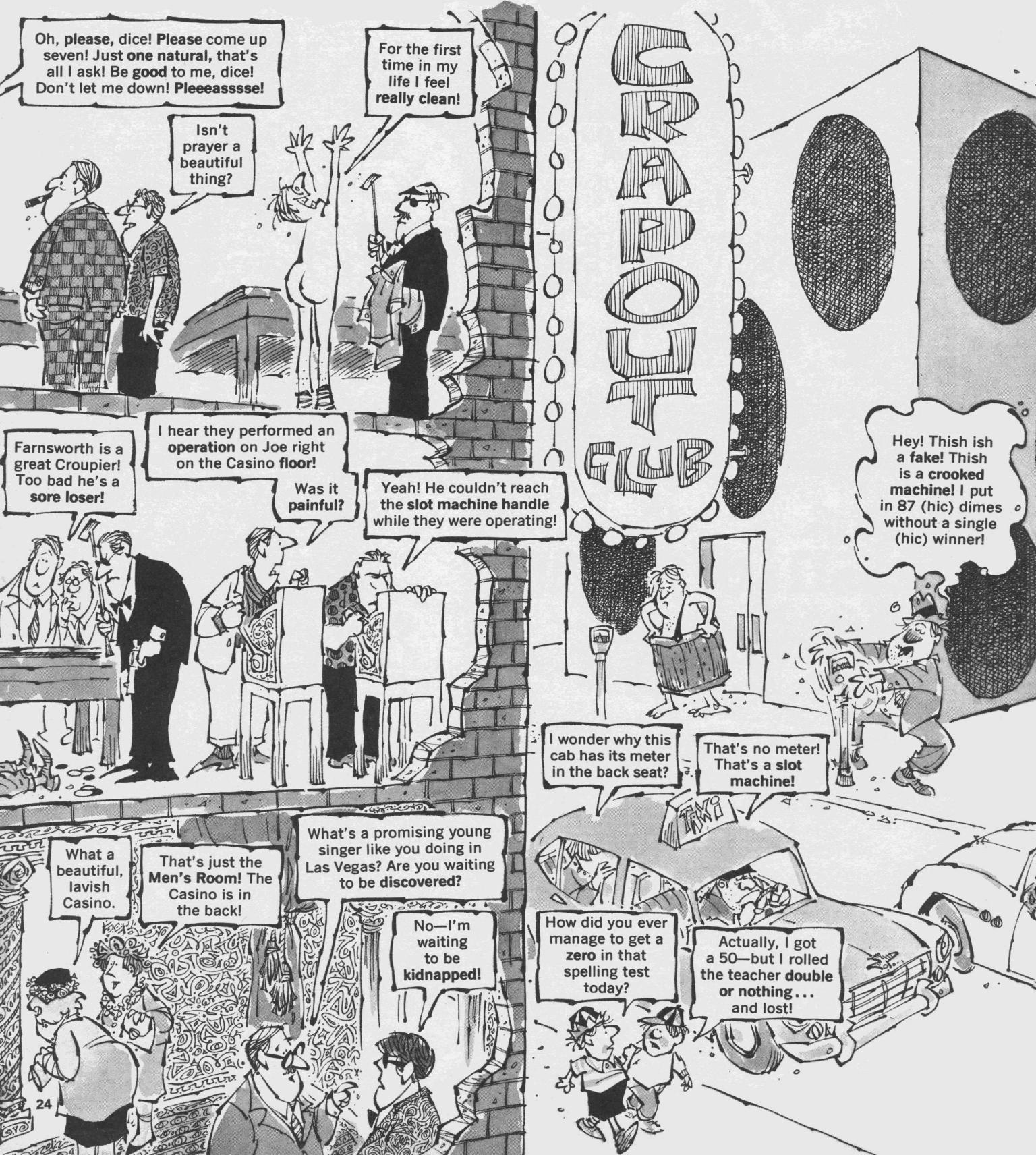
**Pantomime
Quiz**



TALK OF THE TOWN DEPT.

In this, its third installment, "The MAD Information Service" continues to inform Americans about America — by presenting

THE SIGHTS OF THE

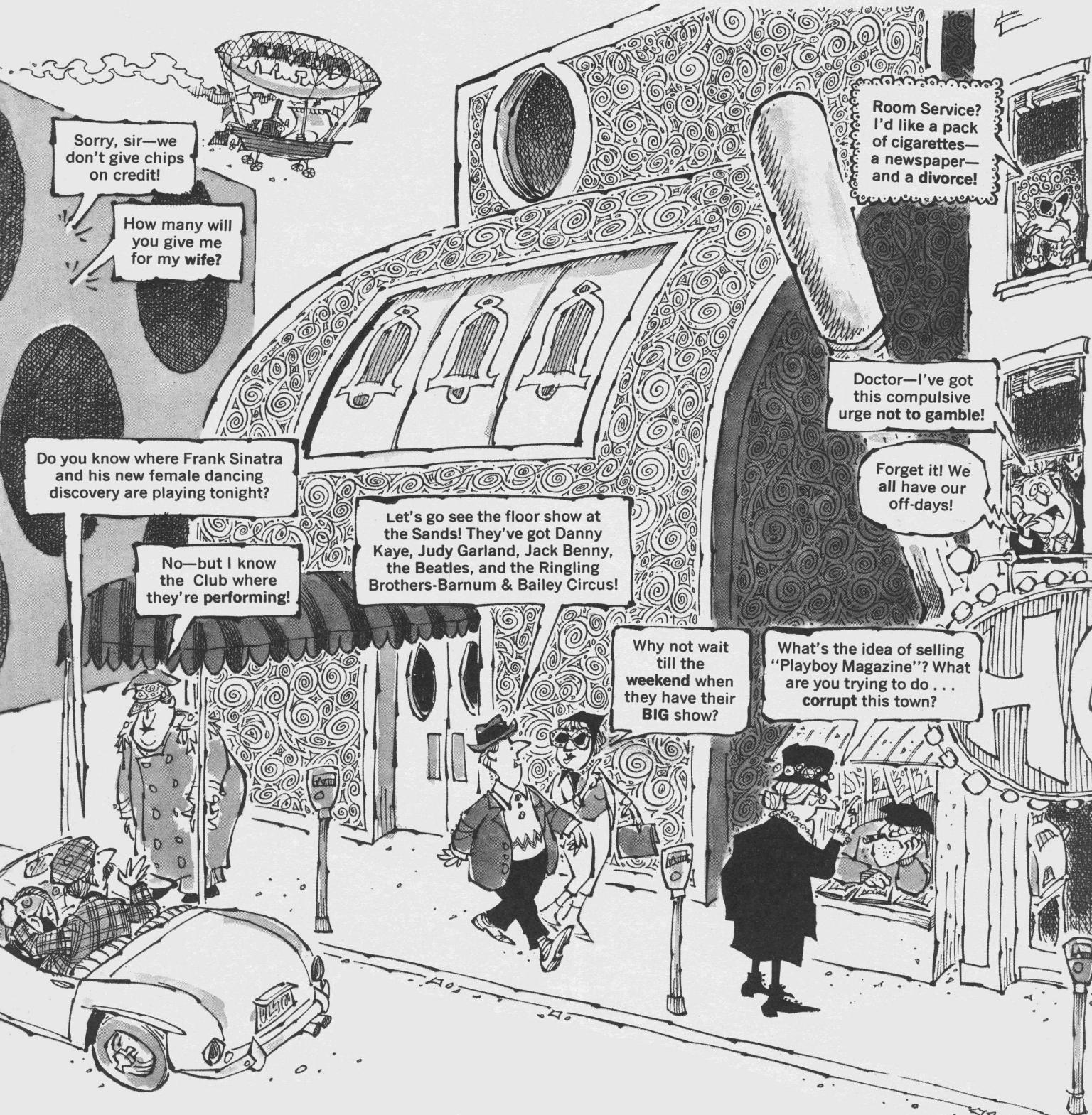


and sounds U.S.a.

THIS ISSUE—SPOTLIGHTING
LAS VEGAS
Nevada

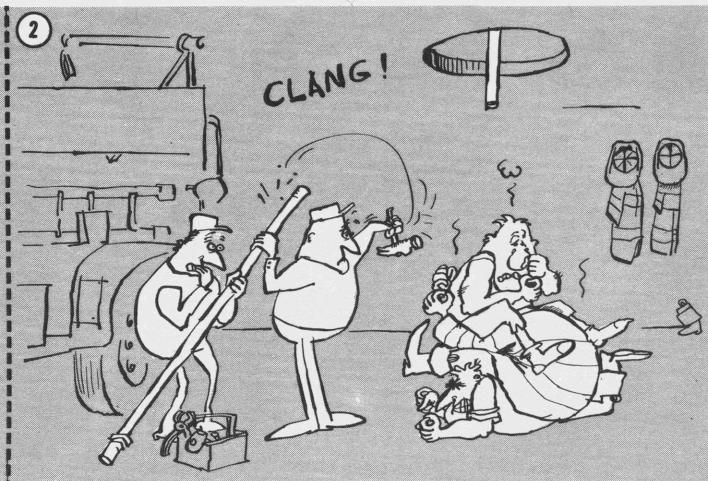
ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.

WRITERS: LARRY SIEGEL & FRANK JACOBS

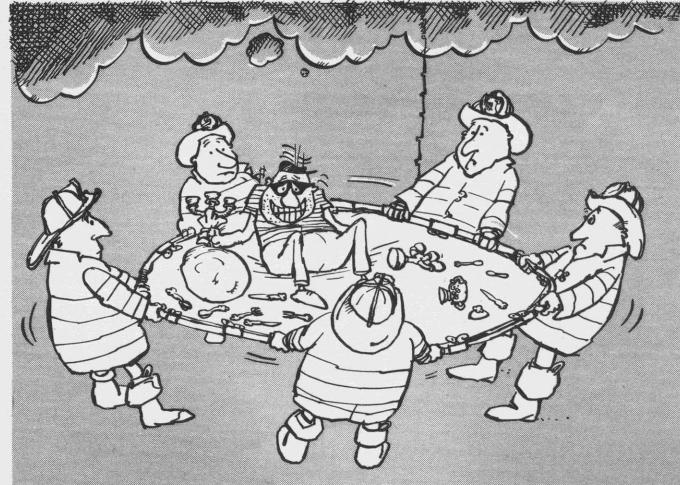
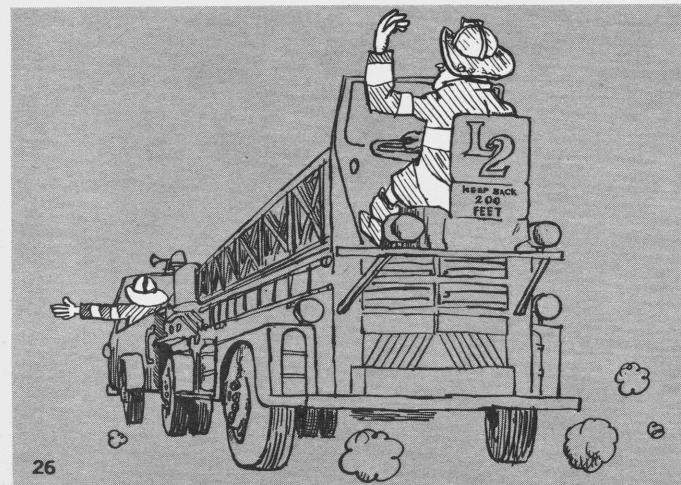
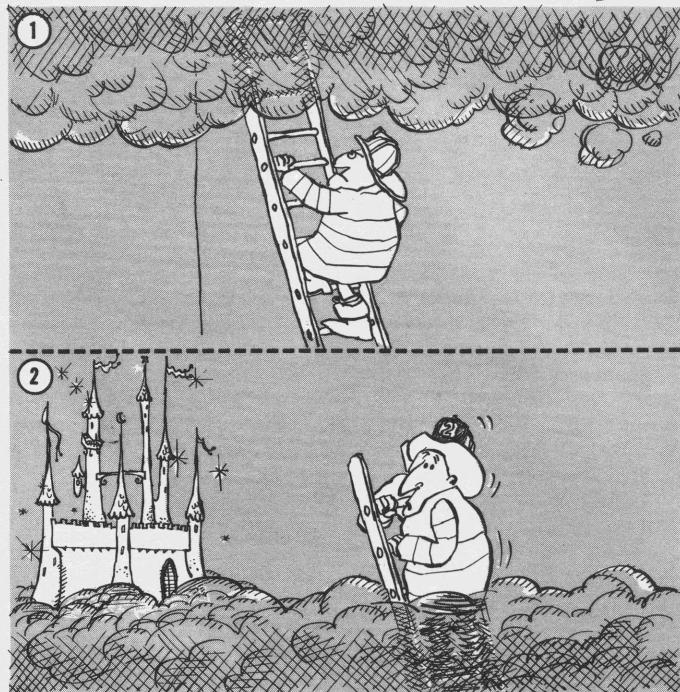
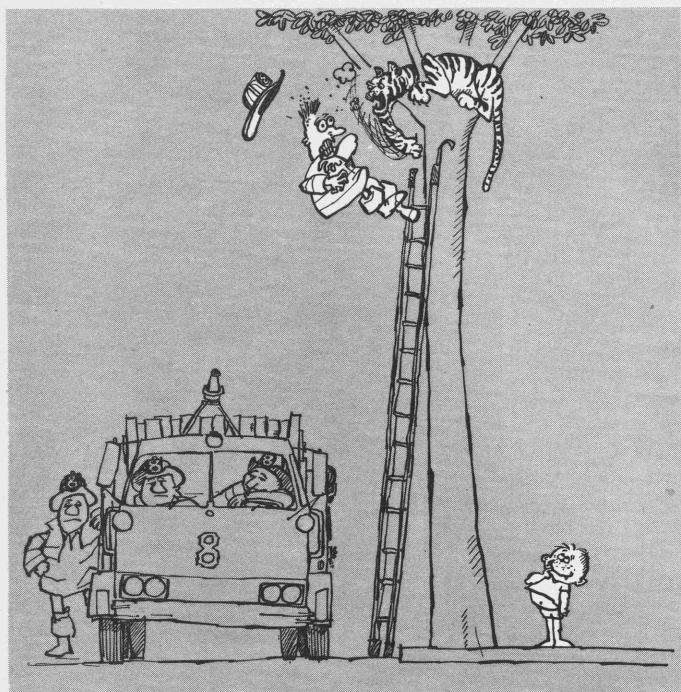


TAKE ME TO YOUR LADDER DEPT.

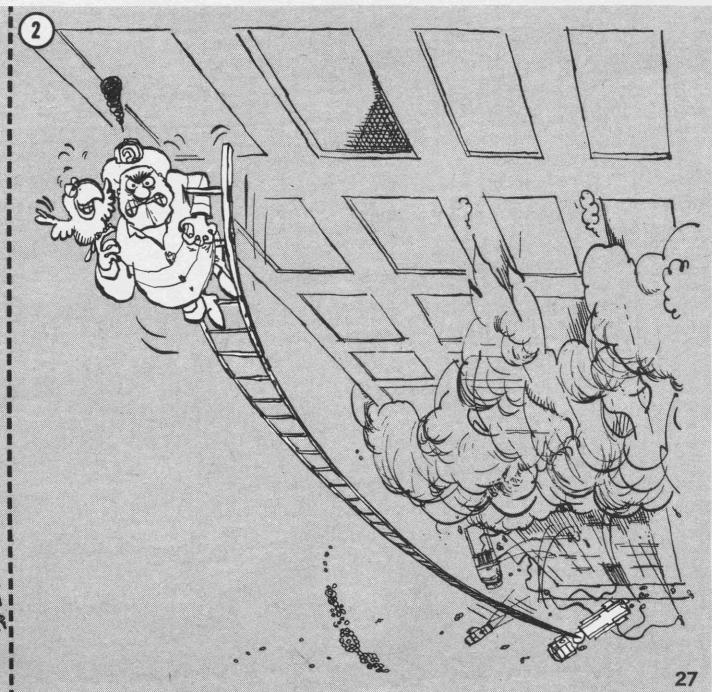
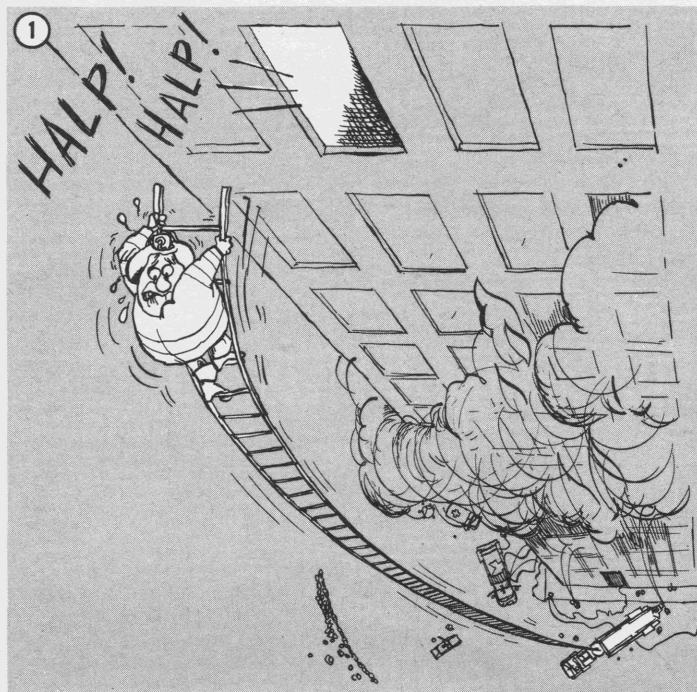
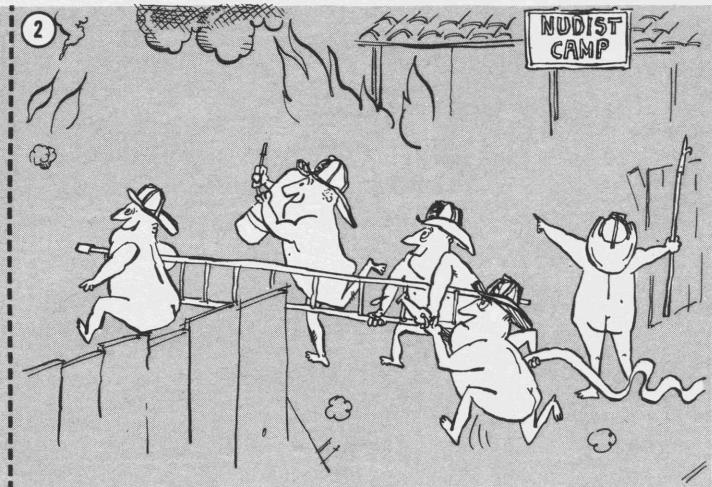
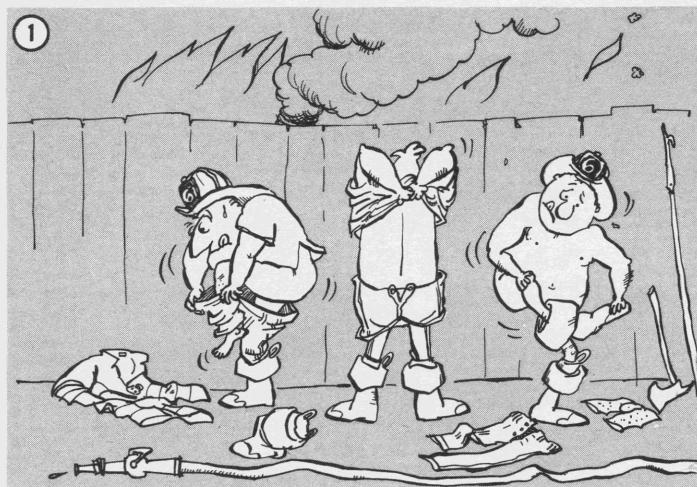
A MAD LOOK

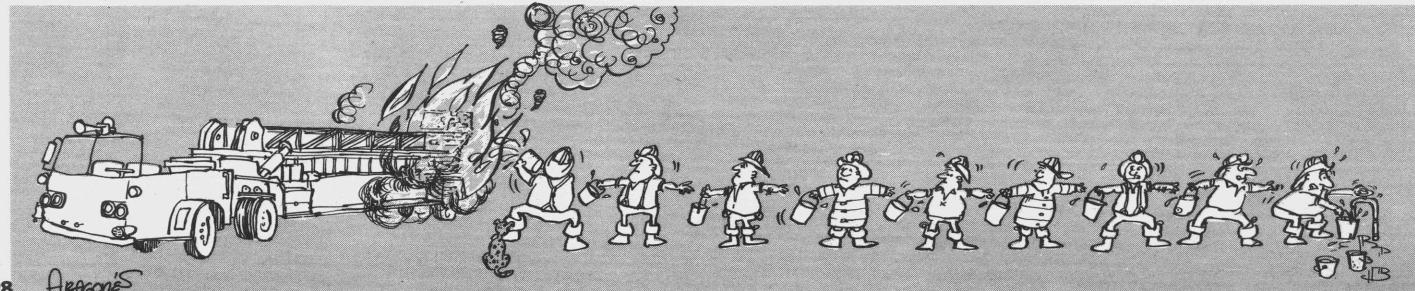
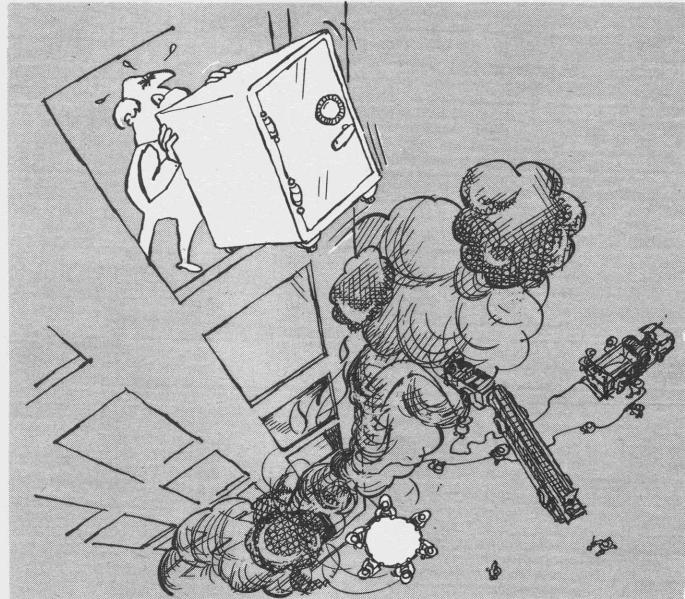
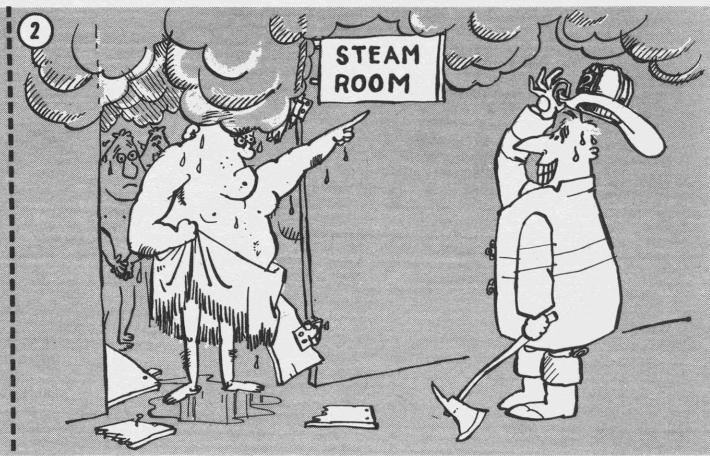
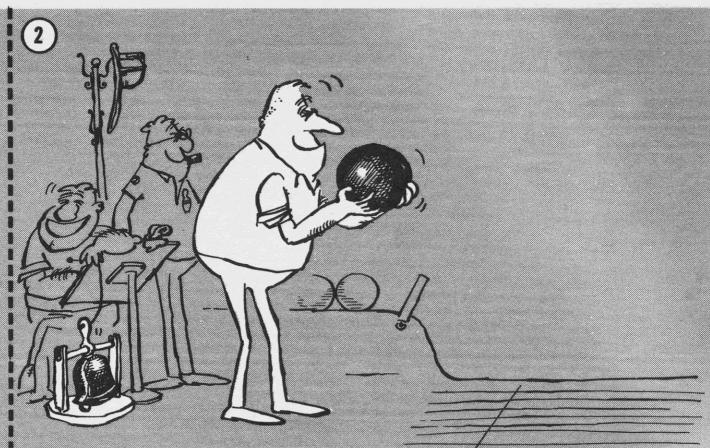


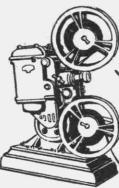
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



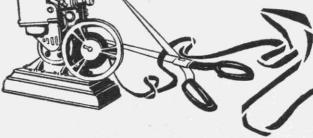
AT FIREMEN







HOLLYWOOD DEPT.



Scenes We'd Like to See

After The Ball



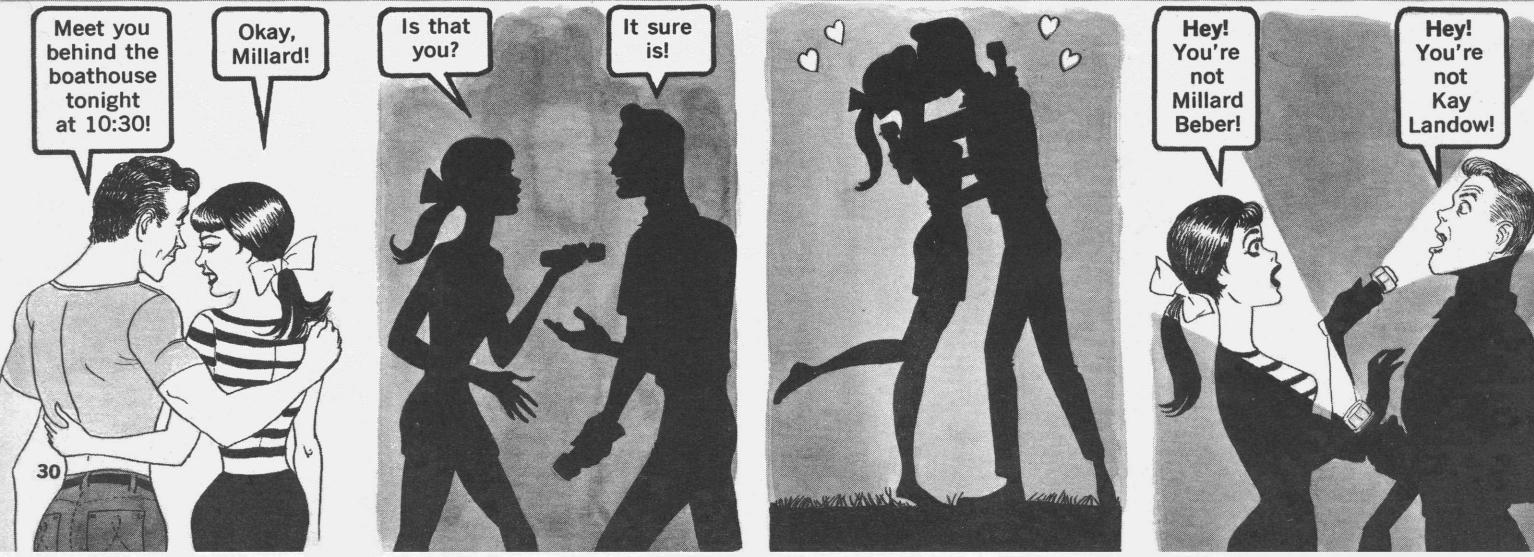
ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO



Joe Orlando

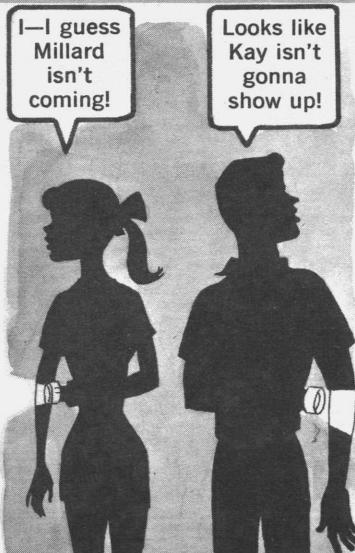
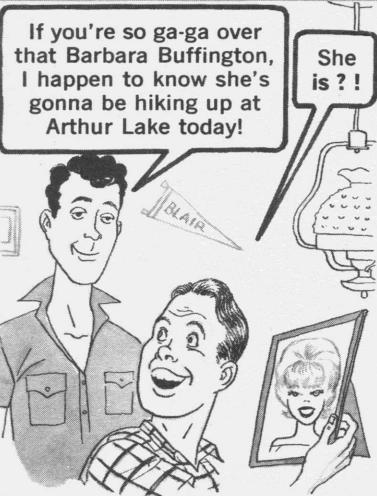
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

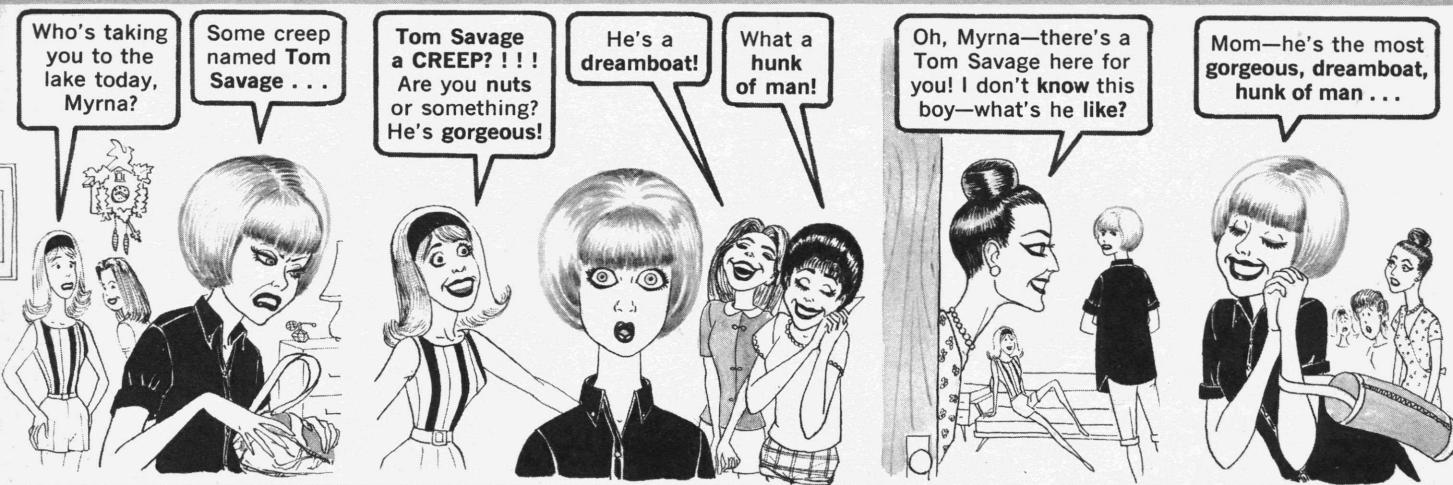
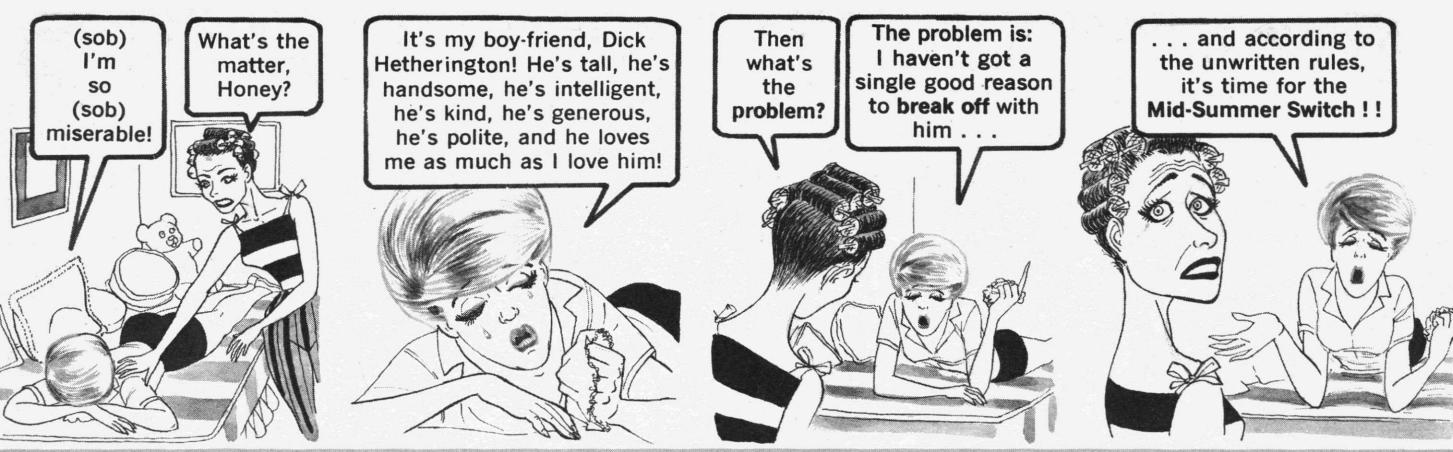
SUMMER



ROMANCES

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG







FROM HAIR TO ABSURDITY DEPT.



The fantastic success of the "Beatle-Wig" fad started us thinking—no small feat in itself—and led us to conclude: Here is a whole new area of jerky promotion gimmicks that has not yet been tapped by jerky promoters. If Beatle fans will buy dopey-looking Beatle

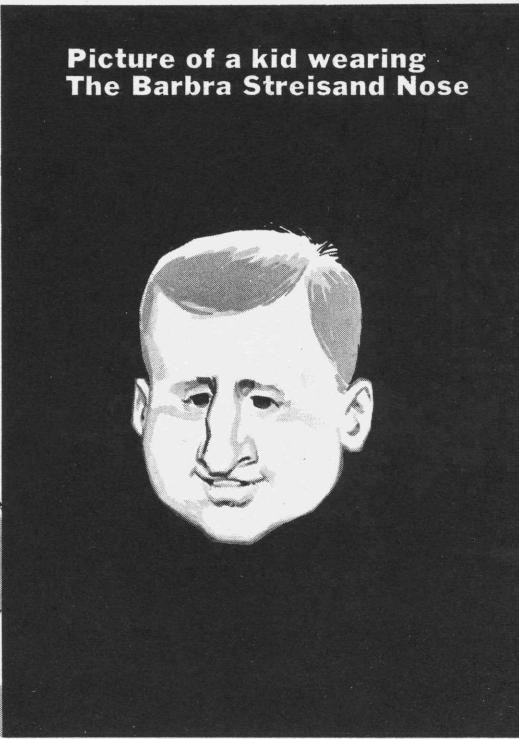
MAD "CELEBRITY-FEATURE"

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

THE BARBRA STREISAND NOSE



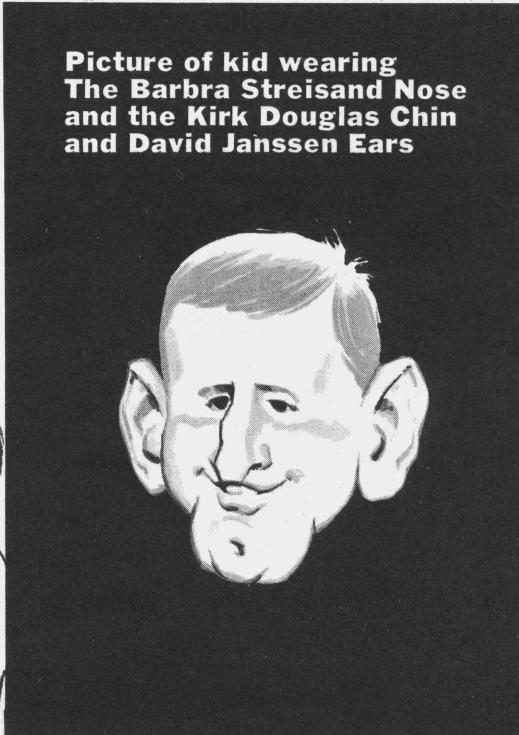
Picture of a kid wearing
The Barbra Streisand Nose



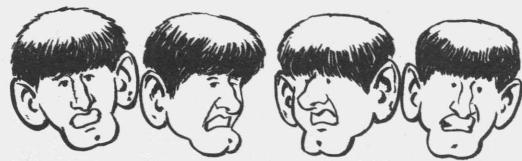
DAVID JANSEN EARS



Picture of kid wearing
The Barbra Streisand Nose
and the Kirk Douglas Chin
and David Janssen Ears



Wigs in order to look like their idols, why wouldn't, say, Sam Jaffee fans buy dopey-looking Dr. Zorba Wigs in order to look like him? In fact, why stop at the hairline? How about false noses and ears and teeth and chins? In other words, how about selling these . . .



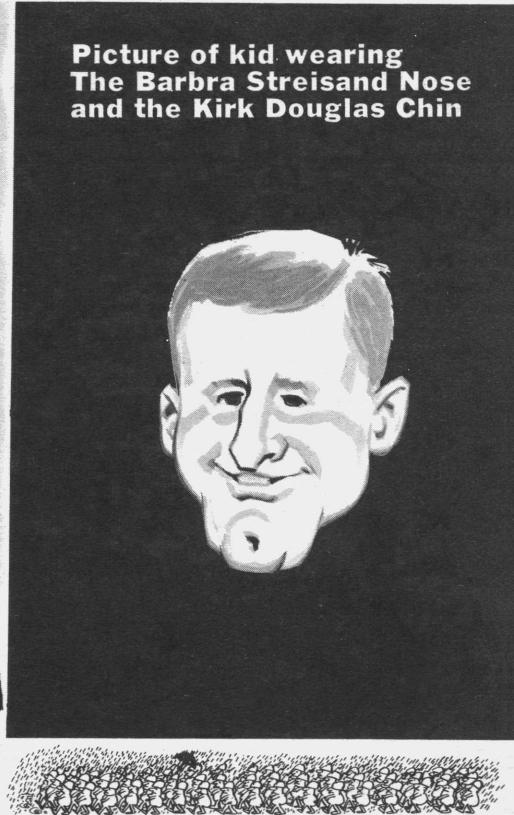
MERCHANDISING GIMMICKS

WRITER: PHIL HAHN

THE KIRK DOUGLAS CHIN



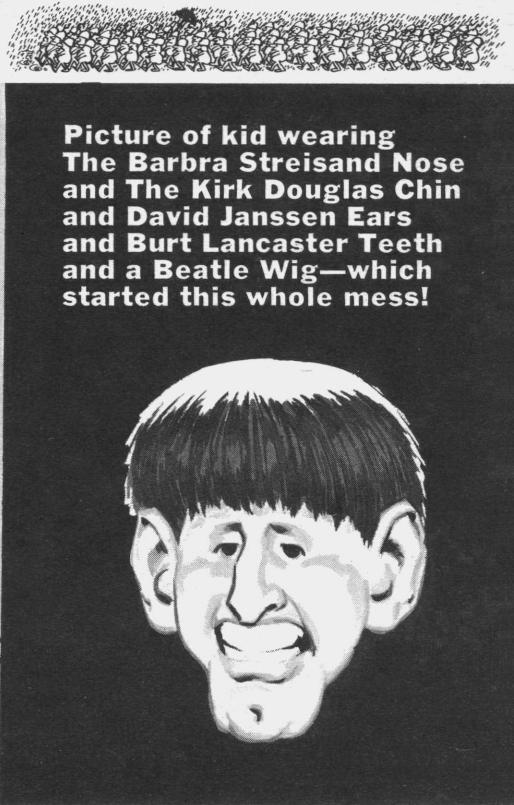
Picture of kid wearing
The Barbra Streisand Nose
and the Kirk Douglas Chin



BURT LANCASTER TEETH

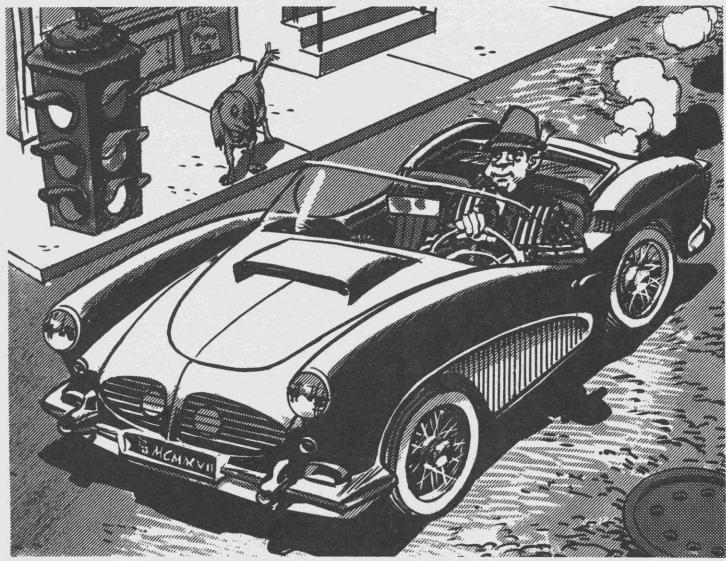


Picture of kid wearing
The Barbra Streisand Nose
and The Kirk Douglas Chin
and David Janssen Ears
and Burt Lancaster Teeth
and a Beatle Wig—which
started this whole mess!

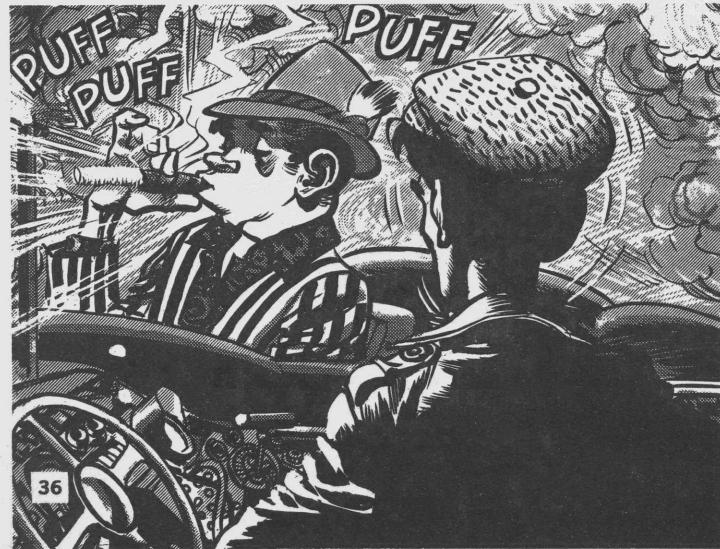




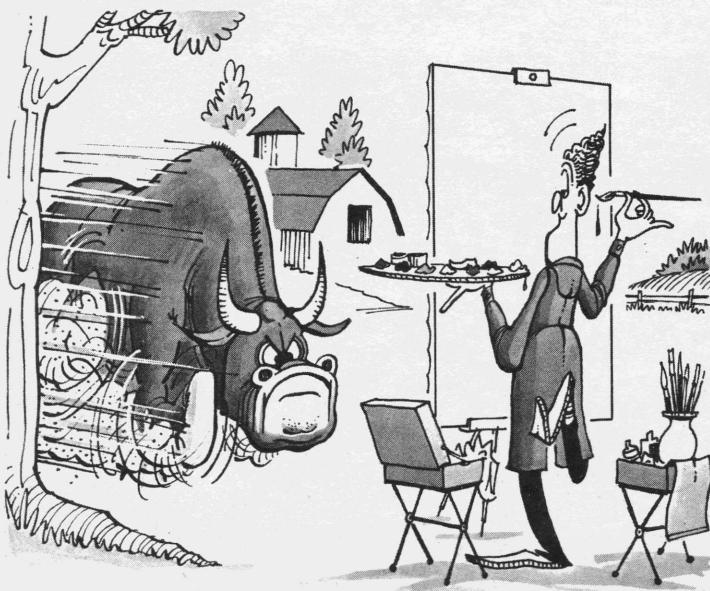
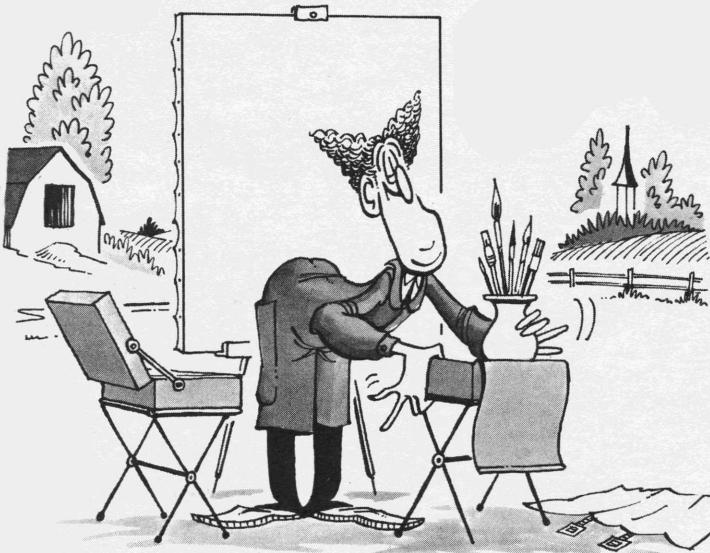
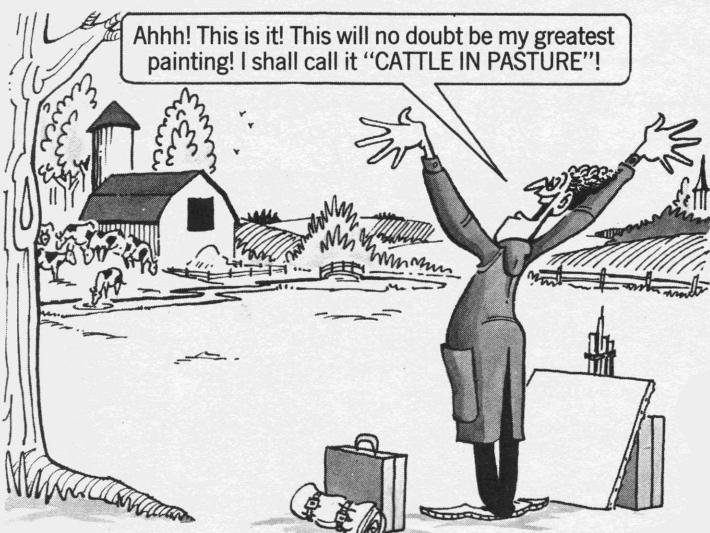
AN INCIDENT AT A RED LIGHT



ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD



THE IMPRESSIONIST



GADGET GOES TO DETROIT DEPT.

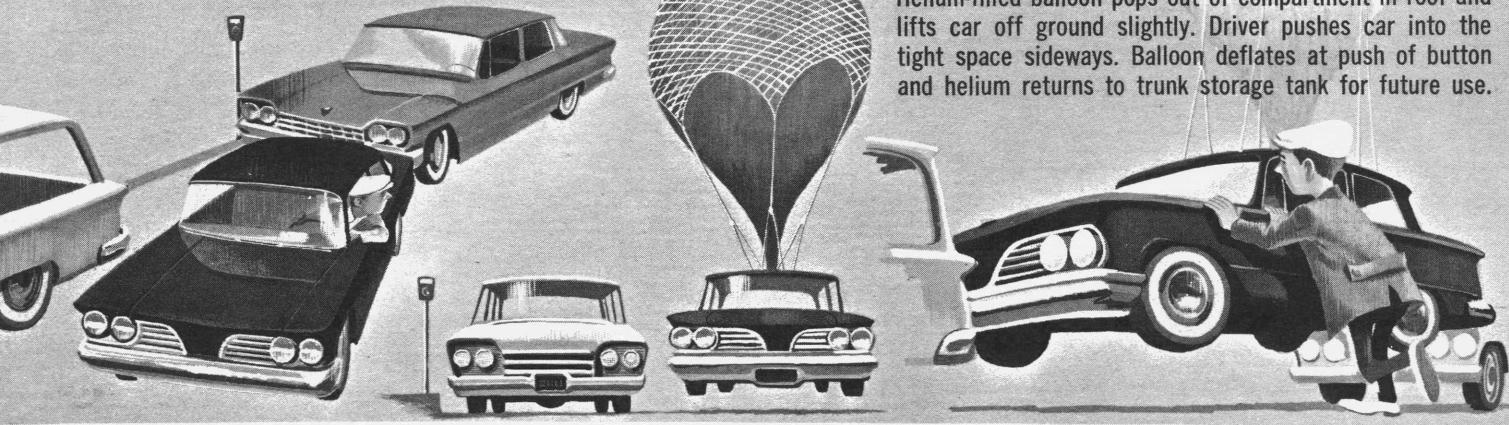
Whenever anyone buys a new car, he's got to add to the original lump that comes from Detroit. These additions are known as accessories. MAD feels that many of these accessories are frivolous doodads that do little to solve many of the problems of modern motoring. Accordingly, here are our suggestions for advancing the art of "optional-at-extra-cost" gadgetry—

AUTO A



WE'D I

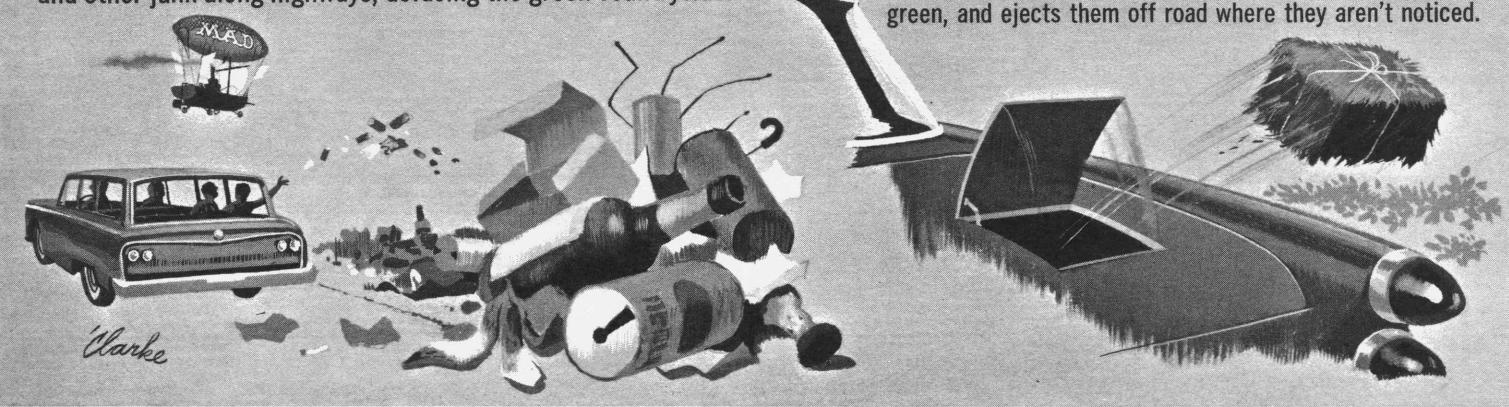
PROBLEM: Getting into tight parking spaces.



SOLUTION: "PARKING BALLOON"

Helium-filled balloon pops out of compartment in roof and lifts car off ground slightly. Driver pushes car into the tight space sideways. Balloon deflates at push of button and helium returns to trunk storage tank for future use.

PROBLEM: Thoughtless clods who discard trash, garbage and other junk along highways, defacing the green countryside.



SOLUTION: "GARBAGE DISGUISE-DISPOSAL"

This unit compresses litter into neat bundles, dyes them green, and ejects them off road where they aren't noticed.

PROBLEM: Having seat belts, but forgetting to use them.

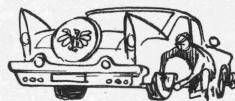


SOLUTION: "SEAT BELT STARTER-LINK"

Seat belt buckle is wired to the ignition system so that the car cannot be started without fastening the seat belt.



ACCESSORIES



IKE TO SEE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: DON REILLY

PROBLEM: Driver-frustration at not being able to make their angry denunciations of idiots heard over noise of traffic.

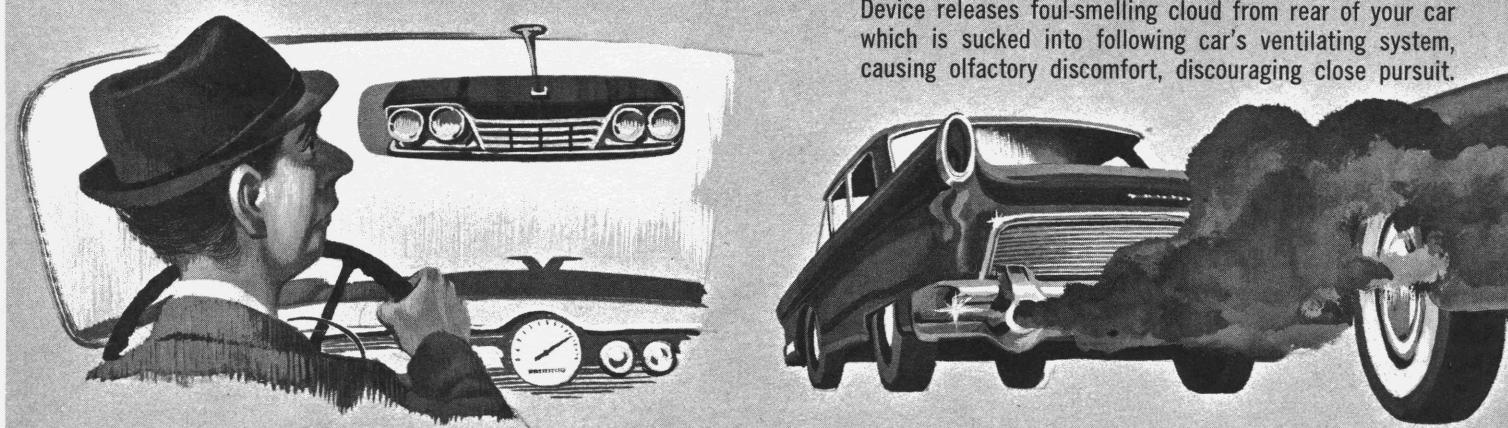


SOLUTION: "DIRECTIONAL P.A. INSULT-HORN"

High-gain self-amplified speaker points in any direction.

HEY STUPID IDIOT IN THE
GREEN EDSEL! G'WAN GET OVER!

PROBLEM: Idiots who hug your rear bumper at high speeds.



SOLUTION: "TAIL-GATE BLASTER"

Device releases foul-smelling cloud from rear of your car which is sucked into following car's ventilating system, causing olfactory discomfort, discouraging close pursuit.

PROBLEM: Cigarette butts smouldering in ash trays.



SOLUTION: "AUTOMATIC BUTT-DOUSER"

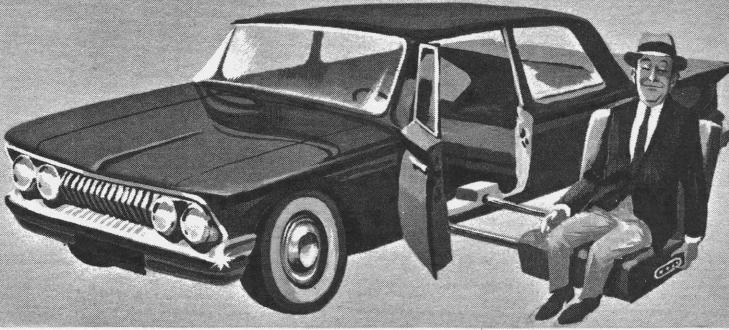
Special squirter hooked up to automatic windshield-washer hose and tank douses foul-smelling butt at touch of button.

PROBLEM: Getting in and out of these ridiculously low silhouette cars of today without spraining a leg or your spine.



SOLUTION: "ELECTRIC ROLL-OUT SEATS"

Car seats are attached to rollers or tracks, and slide out like drawers. Driver activates seat in or out with switch.



PROBLEM: Difficulty in setting romantic mood when you take your girl for a drive and you park behind the Pickle Works.



PROBLEM: Opening car windows to pay toll collectors, gas station men, cops, etc., during cold, windy, rainy or snowy weather.



SOLUTION: "THERMO-PORT"

Flexible little portholes in doors keep bad weather out.



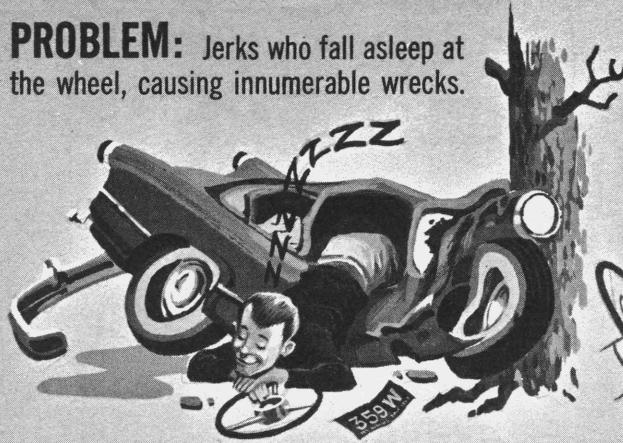
PROBLEM: The boring sight of so many look-alike Volkswagens, which gets worse and worse each year.



SOLUTION: "VOLKSWAGEN COSTUME JEWELRY"

Clever, tasteful accessories to make Volkswagens look different from one another, and relieve the monotony.

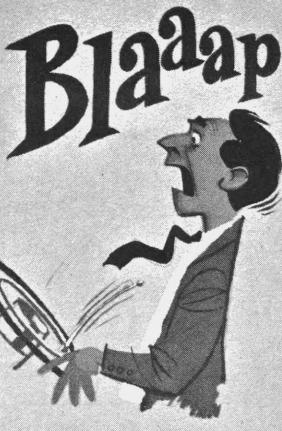
PROBLEM: Jerks who fall asleep at the wheel, causing innumerable wrecks.



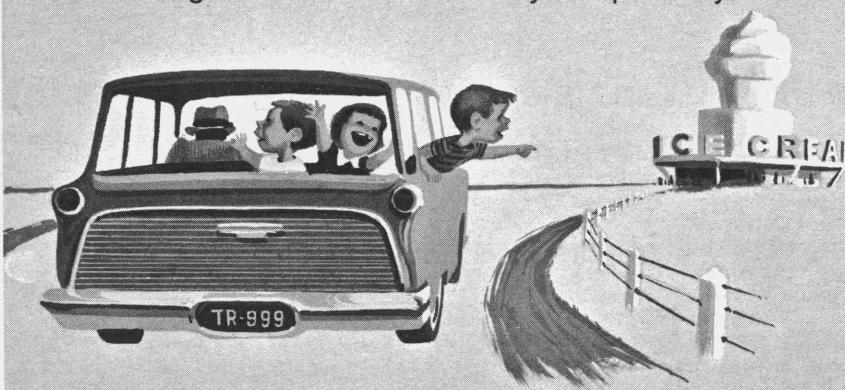
SOLUTION: "SLEEP-STOPPER"

Adjustable rod attaches to horn ring on wheel and rests on driver's chest.

If driver begins to nod forward, rod pushes horn ring . . . and horn blows.



PROBLEM: Passing amusement parks and ice cream stands while traveling with kids who demand that you stop at every one.



SOLUTION: "REMOTE CONTROL SIDE WINDOW BLINDS"

Blinds shoot up to cover side windows whenever driver spots one of these places coming up and presses button.

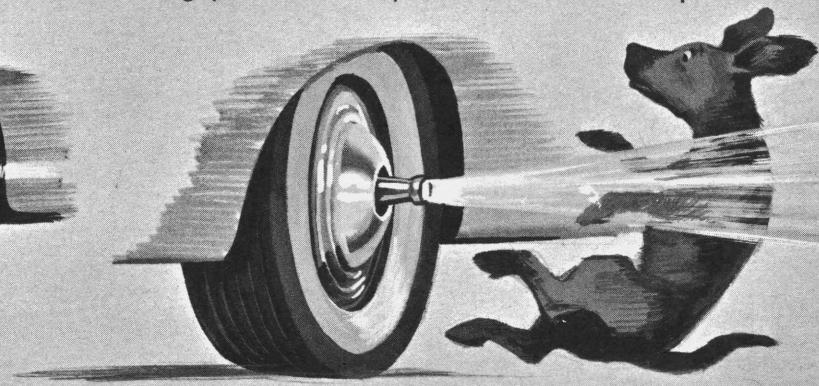


PROBLEM: Stupid dogs that insist on chasing cars.



SOLUTION: "DOG SQUIRTER"

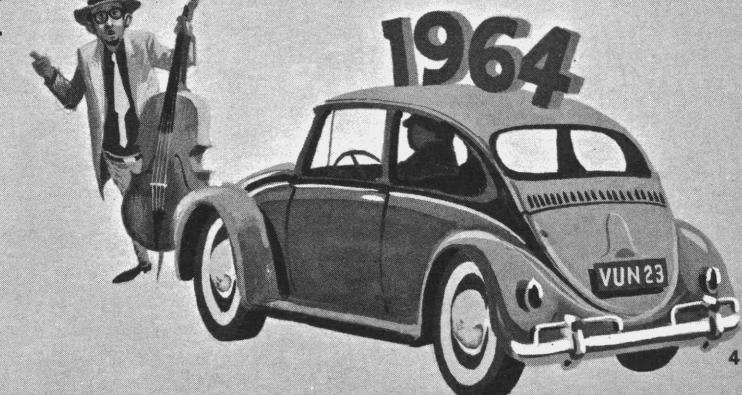
High-pressure nozzle operated from dashboard stops this.

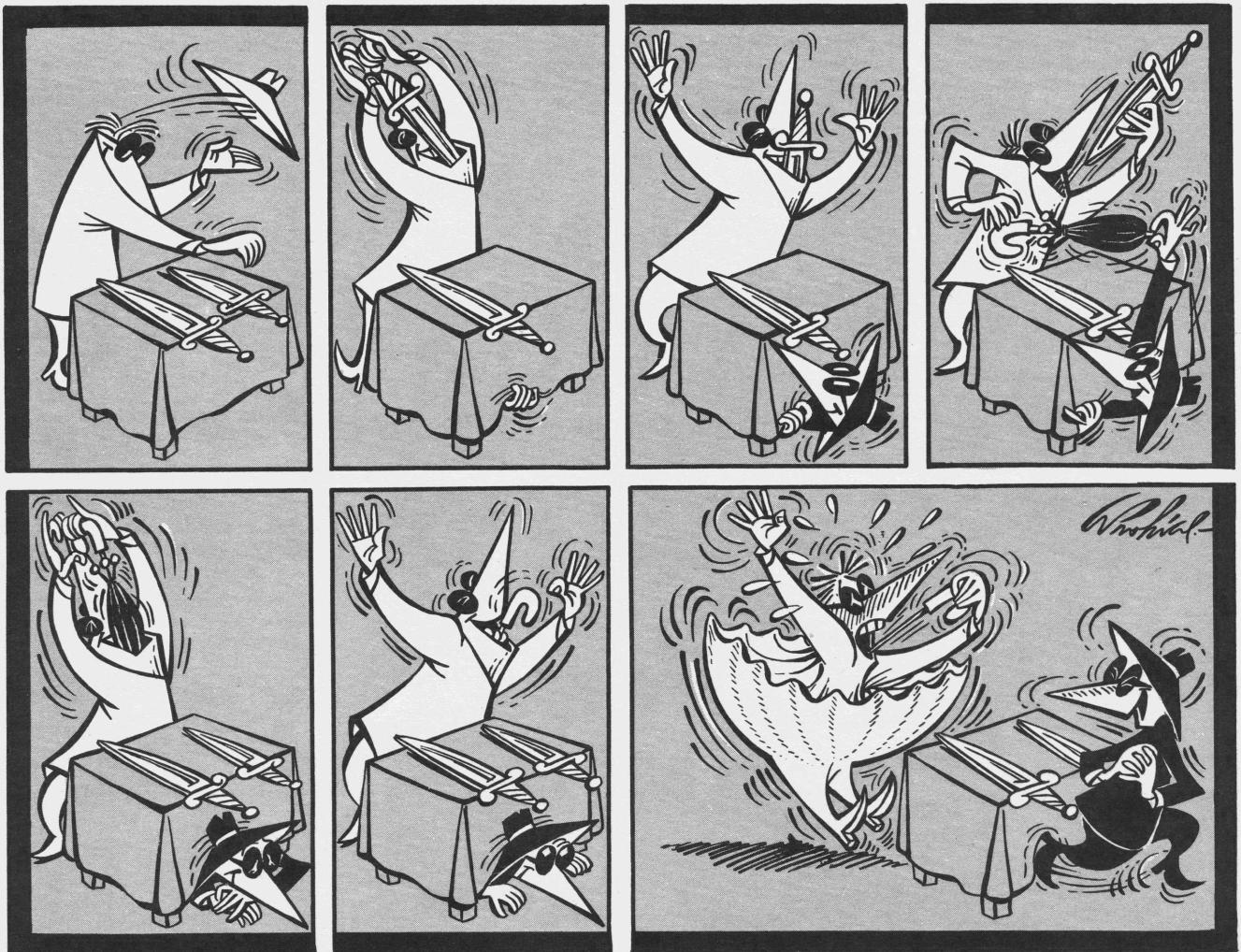
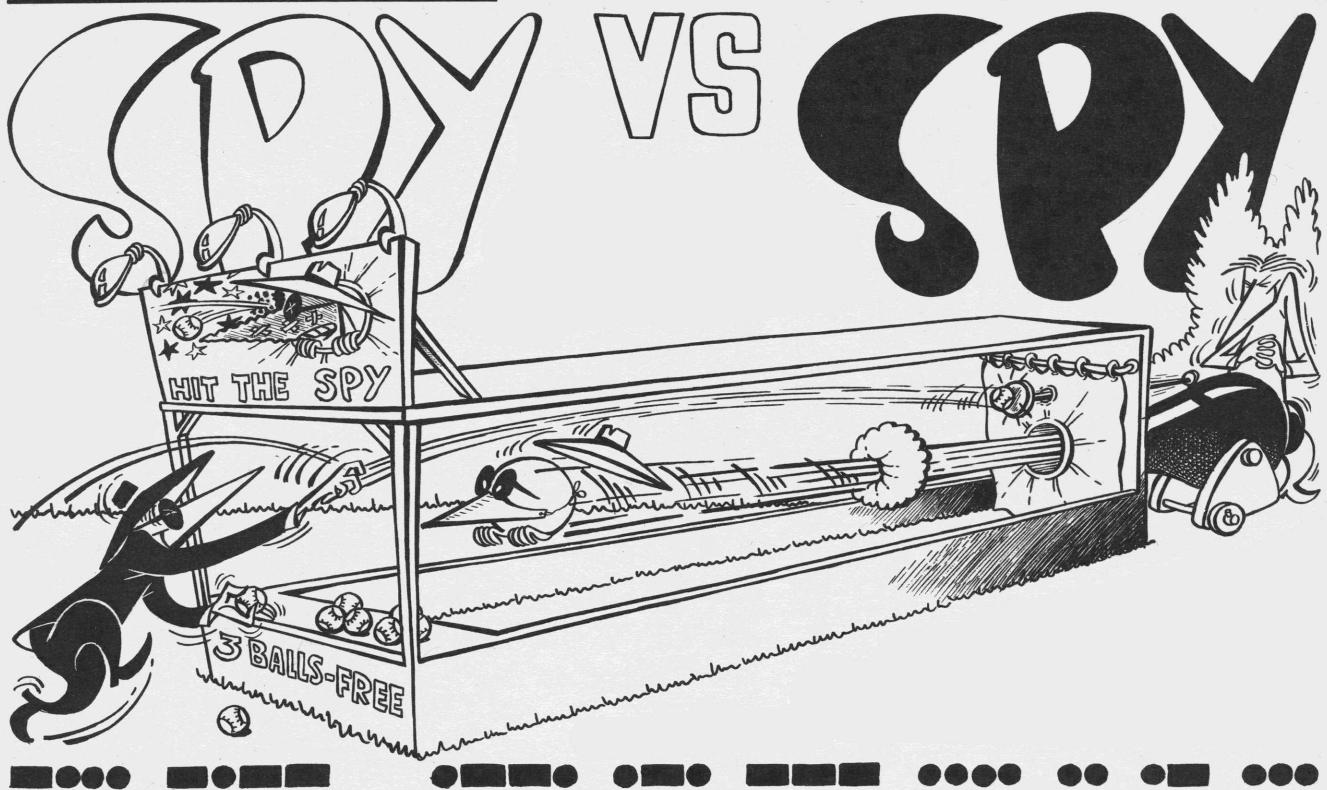


PROBLEM: Volkswagen owners who want to show that they're driving a new one, not an old one with a new paint job.



SOLUTION: "VOLKSWAGEN STATUS-DATERS"





Okay, gang! It's time (you should pardon the expression) to "face the music" as we interview:

MAD'S TEENAGE IDOL PROMOTER OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITERS: LARRY SIEGEL



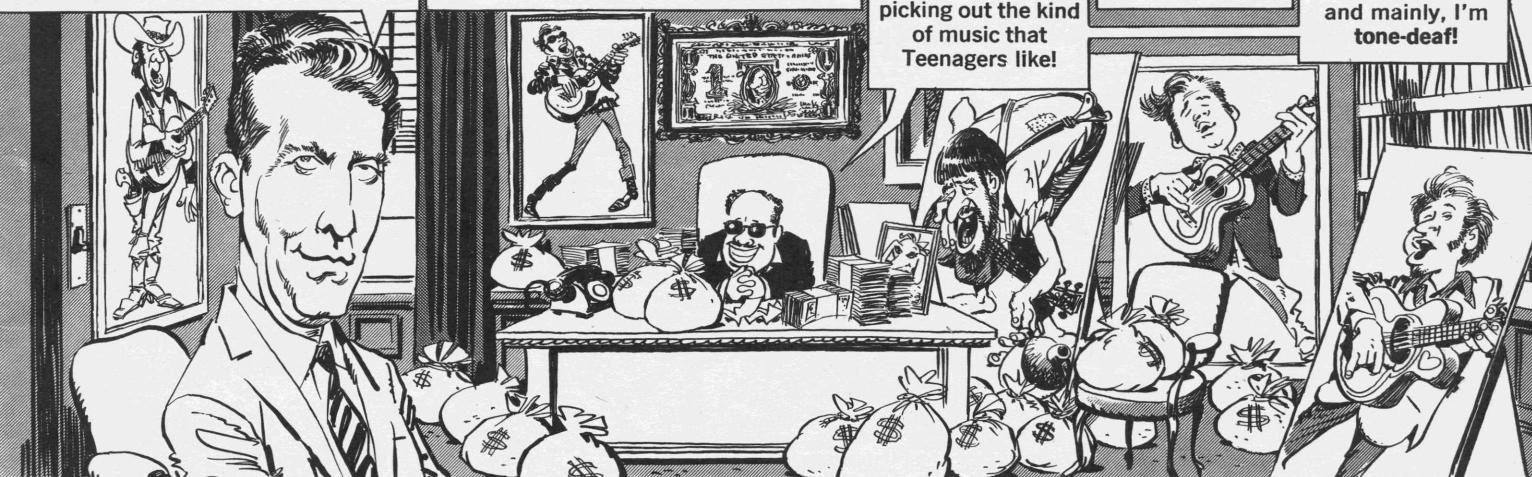
Hello! I'm Chet Hunkley, here to interview Mr. Herb Shtick, who has just been selected as "MAD's Teenage Idol Promoter Of The Year"—

Herb—as the discoverer and manager of most of the country's outstanding Teenage Idols, would you tell us how you happened to get into this business?

Well, Chet—all my life I've had the uncanny gift for picking out the kind of music that Teenagers like!

And to what do you attribute this uncanny gift?

Three things: I'm psychic . . . I'm clairvoyant . . . and mainly, I'm tone-deaf!



Chet, with my talent, I can take any boy and turn him into an overnight singing sensation. For example, that kid over there . . . Did you ever see such a less likely looking candidate to become an idol of Teenagers—someone they can look up to, admire and respect?

You're right! He IS rather ugly, sloppy and illiterate!

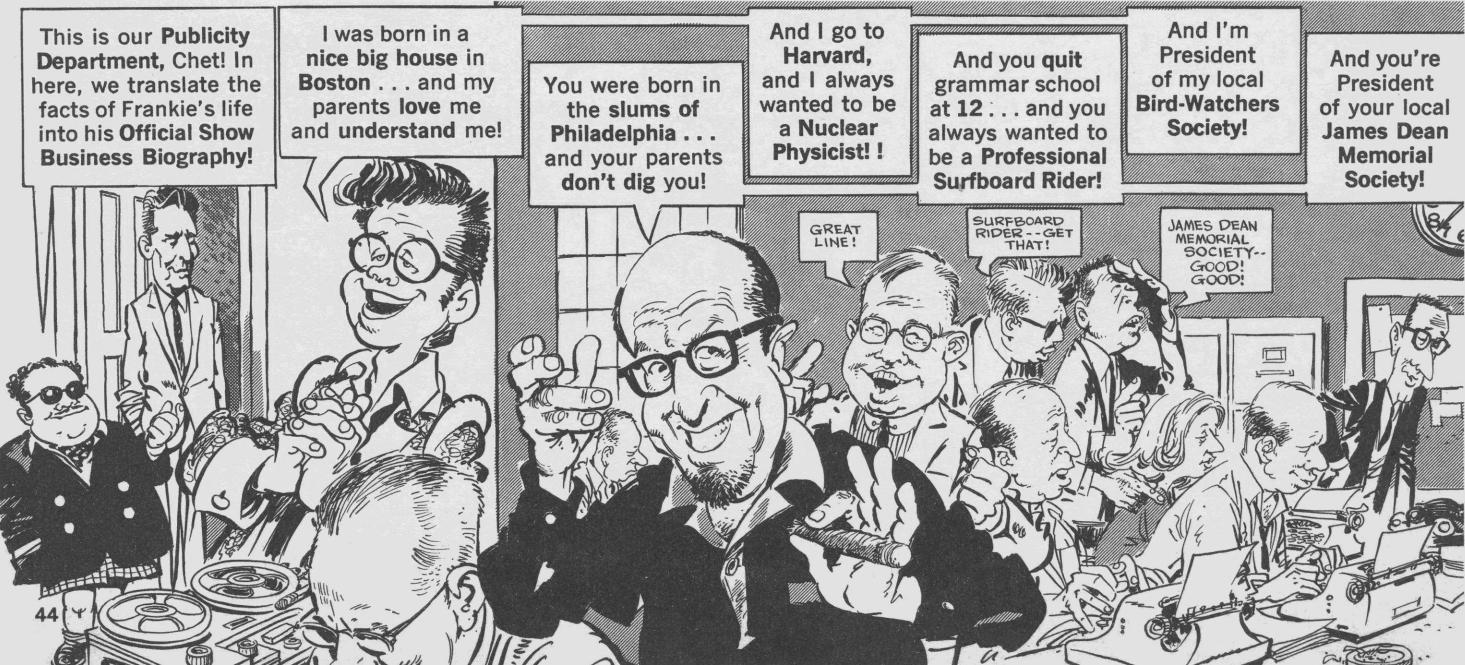
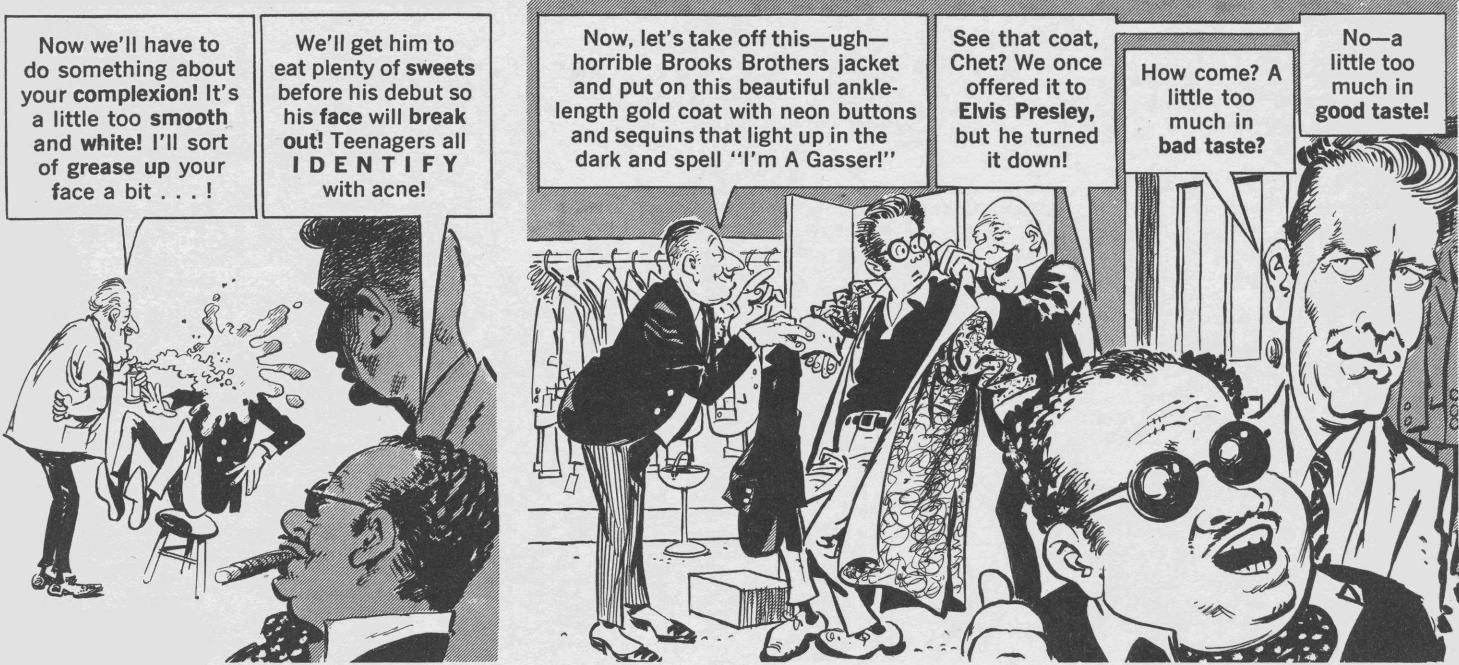
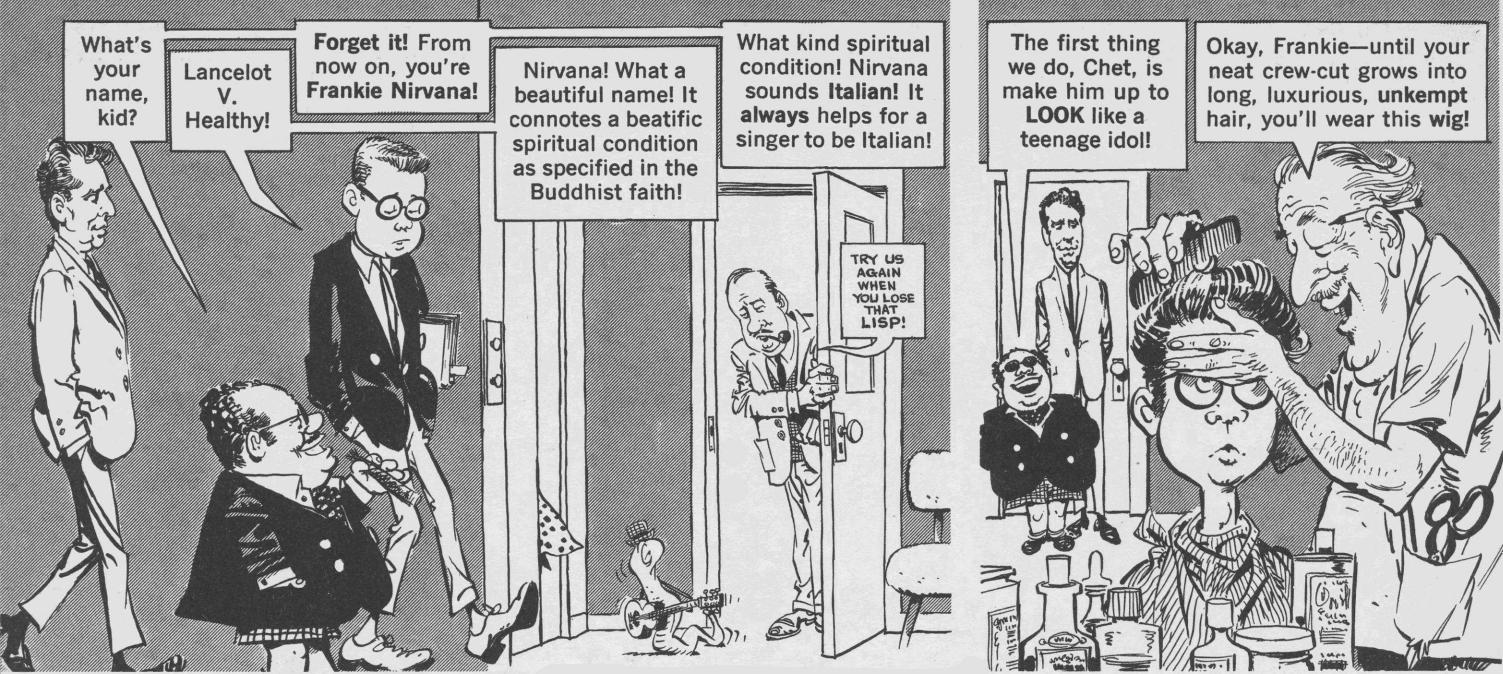
Not HIM! Him I could make a sensation in 4 hours! He's a natural! It's the other one I'm talking about!

Hey, kid! How'd you like to become the singing idol of millions of teenagers?

I have no objections, sir—providing it does not interfere with school, my job at the YMCA, and my Boy Scout duties!

Oh, boy, Chet—This guy's got EVERYTHING going against him!





I cry for you, baby . . .

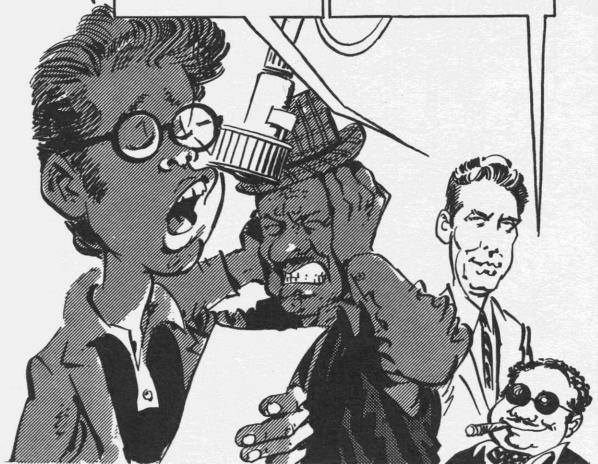
Frankie has a beautiful singing voice, Herb! He enunciates perfectly, and he knows how to read music!

Don't worry, Chet! I'll make him a singing star in SPITE of it! Just wait till my singing coach gets through with him!

What's that you're holding, Herb?

These are Official Frankie Nirvana Wigs and Official Frankie Nirvana Crazy Glasses, Chet! We'll merchandise these and net around \$5,000,000 with them! That's real good money! That's more than I ordinarily make in a whole month!

But why not leave Frankie for a while, and I'll show you around the rest of my operation here!



In here, we conduct classes for young girls. When these students graduate, they are assigned to follow various Teenage Idols around the country and lead the mighty "Teenage Screaming And Clothes-Tearing Brigades"!

Hold it, girls! Hold it! You, Myrtle! I can't hear you! You sound like a miserable ambulance siren! I want you to sound like an Atomic Air Raid Siren!

And you, Nancy! Open your mouth when you scream! I still can't see your epiglottis!

And Bonnie—for Pete's sake—will you throw a real fit! You're not clawing the floor, and you're not drooling! You look like a normal epileptic, not like a normal convulsed Teenage girl!

And tell me, Peggy! Just what are you doing?

I'm tearing the clothes off this dummy, Mr. Furd!

You call that tearing?! Is that how you're going to tear when you get out into the world? You left on half a trouser leg, almost a full shirt sleeve, and a whole ear! Now let's try it from the beginning, girls, and let's do it right!



Wa-wa-wa-wa! Moo-noo! Bibby-boo, bibby-boo, baby, baby!

This is our Recording Studio, Chet. It has an ingenious "Echo Chamber" which magnifies sound tremendously. It's great for singers with weak voices!

I see! In other words, that kid has a weak voice, so he's merely whispering the words!

No—he's weak at whispering, too! He's merely THINKING the words! This "Echo Chamber" will pick up ANYTHING!!

This is our Movie Studio, Chet. In here, we film our quickie "Rock 'n' Roll Movies." You're just in time to watch the production begin on our latest epic, "Rock Around The Telephone Pole" . . .



Okay, cast—here's the story line—

Tommy, a young Rock 'n' Roll Neurosurgeon, meets Connie, a lovely Rock 'n' Roll Chiropodist, near a corner telephone pole. They dance for a while, fall in love, and decide to call it "their pole"—

Then the Rock 'n' Roll Mayor tells them he's going to **tear down** their pole to make way for a thin apartment house. So the lovers get their friends to stage a **Rock 'n' Roll Concert** around their pole in order to raise money to keep it from being torn down.

Well, they save the pole, and then they all Rock 'n' Roll across town to watch **Bobby Vinton** being sworn in as **Secretary-General of the United Nations**. All right—places, please. Lights—camera—action!

That looks like an interesting movie, Herb. I'm sorry we couldn't watch them film more than that one scene!

One scene! You saw them film the **whole movie**, Chet! Our Rock 'n' Roll movies only take three or four minutes to make. The budget on that one was **\$112.87** and I figure we'll gross **\$7,000,000** on it when it's released!

Okay, Chet—what do you say we go back and see how **Frankie Nirvana** is doing now?



Frankie—you're just about set to go! But before we launch you in your phenomenal career, you'll have to take the final audition!

What kind of audition?

By a panel of experts who will tell us immediately if you're going to make it as a Teenage Singing Idol!



When will the audition be over, Herb?

Any minute! I cannot over-emphasize how important this final audition is, Chet! This can make or break Frankie—Oh-oh! Here they come, now—



The kid is tremendous!

A marvelous Rock 'n' Roll singer!

He has a great quality about him!

He can't miss!

Well, I guess that does it, Herb! They loved him!

That does it all right, Chet! **Frankie Nirvana is FINISHED! He's THROUGH!** Even before his career has begun!

I don't get it, Herb! They raved about him!

That's just it! That panel was made up of **Parents** of Teenage kids. We've learned after years of experience that if the Parents like something, the Teenagers hate it—and vice-versa. Those parents liked Frankie, so naturally he'll never make it as a Teenage Idol. Oh—if they only hated him! If they only hated him!



Gee,
Herb!
I'm
sorry
Frankie
didn't
make
it!

You can't win 'em all, Chet! But for every Frankie Nirvana who fails, there are dozens who make it big. Before you go, though, I'd like you to meet someone who I think is going to be the greatest Teenage singing sensation of all time. But before I show him to you, I'd like to take you into our "Teenage Idol Hall of Fame" for a little background dope on our business . . . !



It's interesting how Popular Singers have progressed through the years, Chet!

In the '20's and '30's, the great Singing Idol was Rudy Vallee here—a clean-cut Ivy League type . . . !

In the '40's, a new sensation came along. He wasn't nearly as clean-cut as Vallee. He was a lot earthier and cruder. His name was Frank Sinatra—



In the '50's, the Number One Idol was Elvis Presley. He was much more earthier and much more primitive than Frank Sinatra!

Then of course, along came the Beatles in the '60's. They were the wildest and most primitive singers of them all . . .



What are you getting at, Herb?

Just this: The story of Teenage Singing Idols in this century is the story of evolution in reverse! They started out nice and civilized, and they gradually became wilder, more savage and more uncivilized. So now, I'd like you to meet the next Teenage Singing Sensation . . .



SOL SIMIAN!

Ugga-ooh,
Ooka-ekk,
Ogga-ogga,
ook-ook!

No! NO! You're not slurring your words enough, Sol! That's "Oogga-ecch"—NOT "Oooka-ekk"! Now try it again!!

Do you think he's hairy enough?

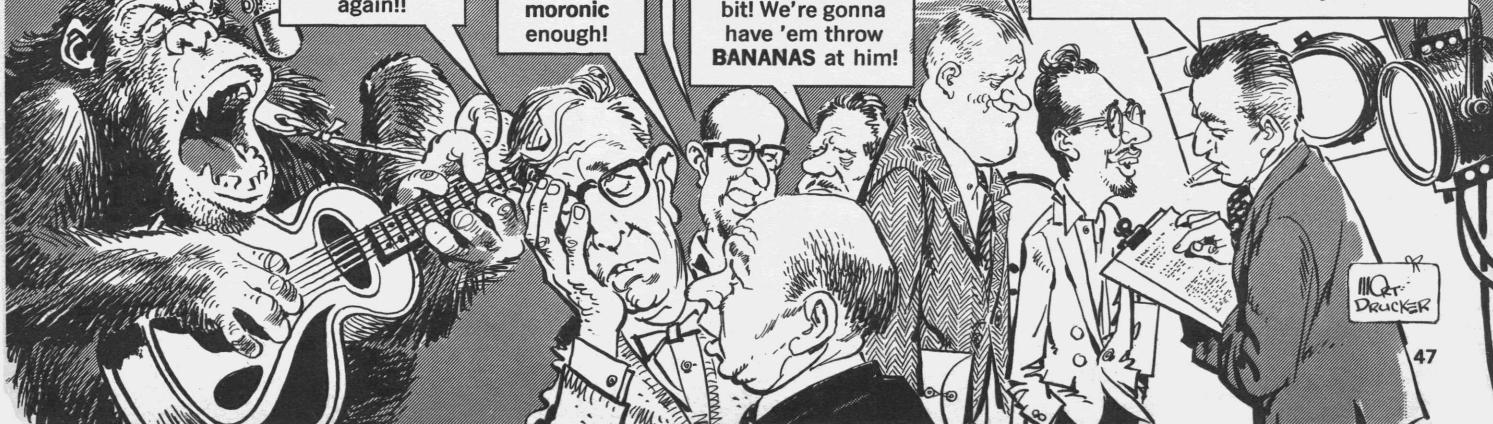
Yeah, but I don't think he looks moronic enough!

Hey! We can have screaming Teenage girls throw Jelly Beans at him!

Don't be an idiot! That's the Beatle's bit! We're gonna have 'em throw BANANAS at him!

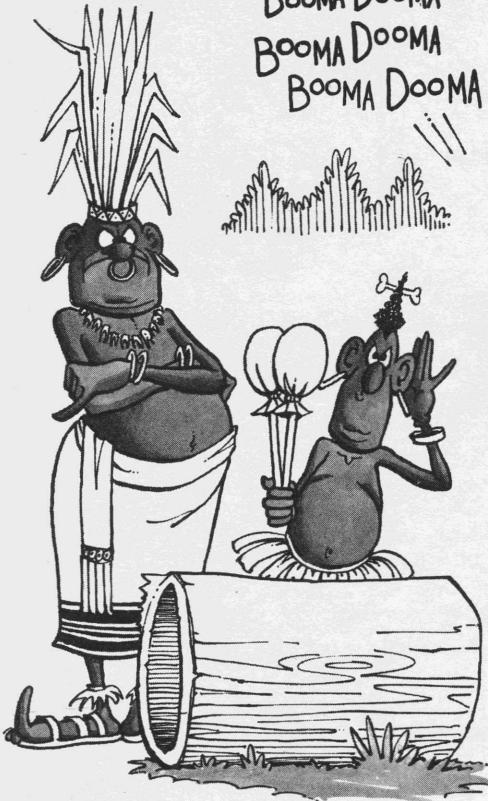
What's Sol's schedule for his debut week?

Let's see . . . Saturday, he records "Oogga-ecch"! Sunday, he sings it on the Ed Sullivan Show! Monday, his record is a sellout, and he plays Las Vegas! Tuesday, he does a one-man concert at Carnegie Hall! Wednesday, he plays a Command Performance for The President! Thursday, he . . .



THE MESSAGE

BOOMA DOOMA
BOOMA DOOMA
BOOMA DOOMA
BOOMA DOOMA



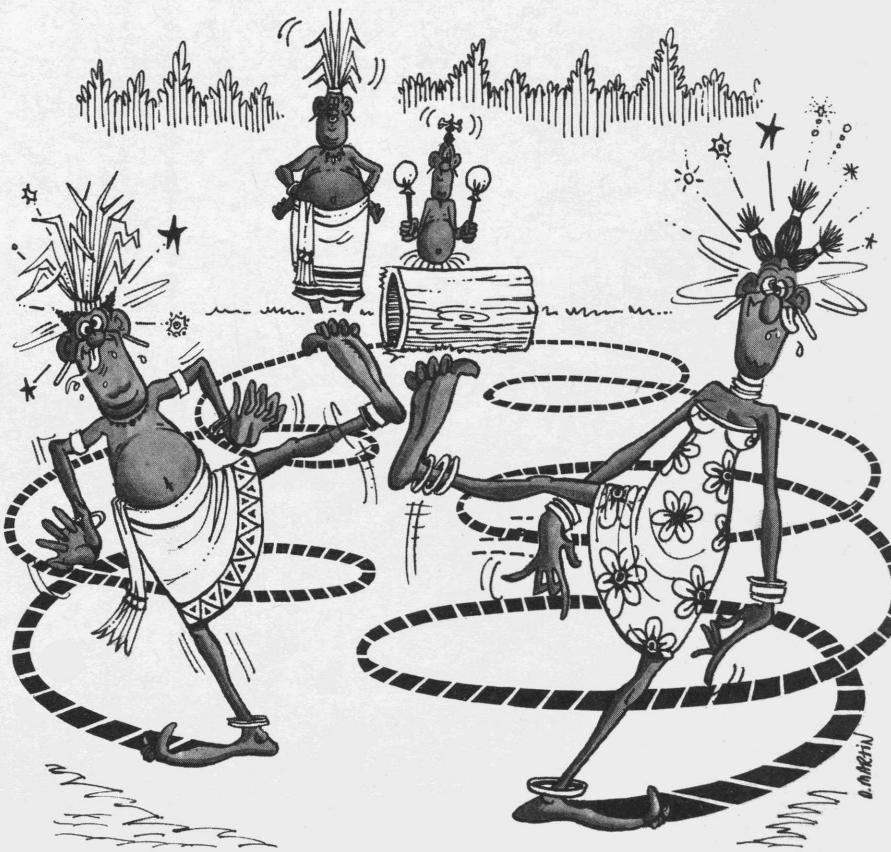
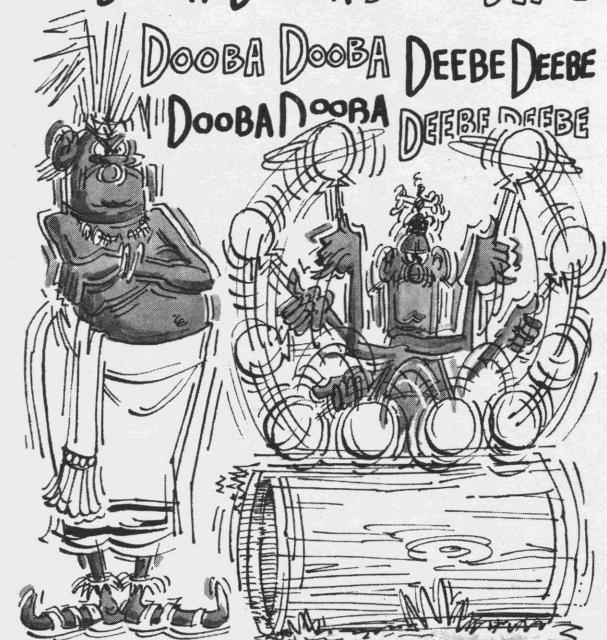
It's from Muggaguboo, Chief! He says
your son ran off with his daughter,
and unless she's returned by morning,
it means WAR!



Preposterous! Tell him I think he's a silly old man! I happen to know my son is home **studying**, and that my son wouldn't have anything to do with his ugly idiot daughter in the first place!



DOOBA DOOBA DEEBE DEEBE
DOOBA DOOBA DEEBE DEEBE



THIS ISSUE'S ECONOMY-MINDED, BLACK-AND-WHITE, ONE PAGE

MAD FOLD-IN

Millions of people who suffer from dread diseases and disorders are praying that cures will be found in time to save them. Scientists and researchers, employed by American Industry, are aware of this. Rest assured they know what is really important, and will dedicate themselves to finding solutions. Now fold page in and you will see:



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

THE NEXT SCIENTIFIC-MEDICAL BREAKTHROUGH THAT MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WILL BE SPENT TO DISCOVER

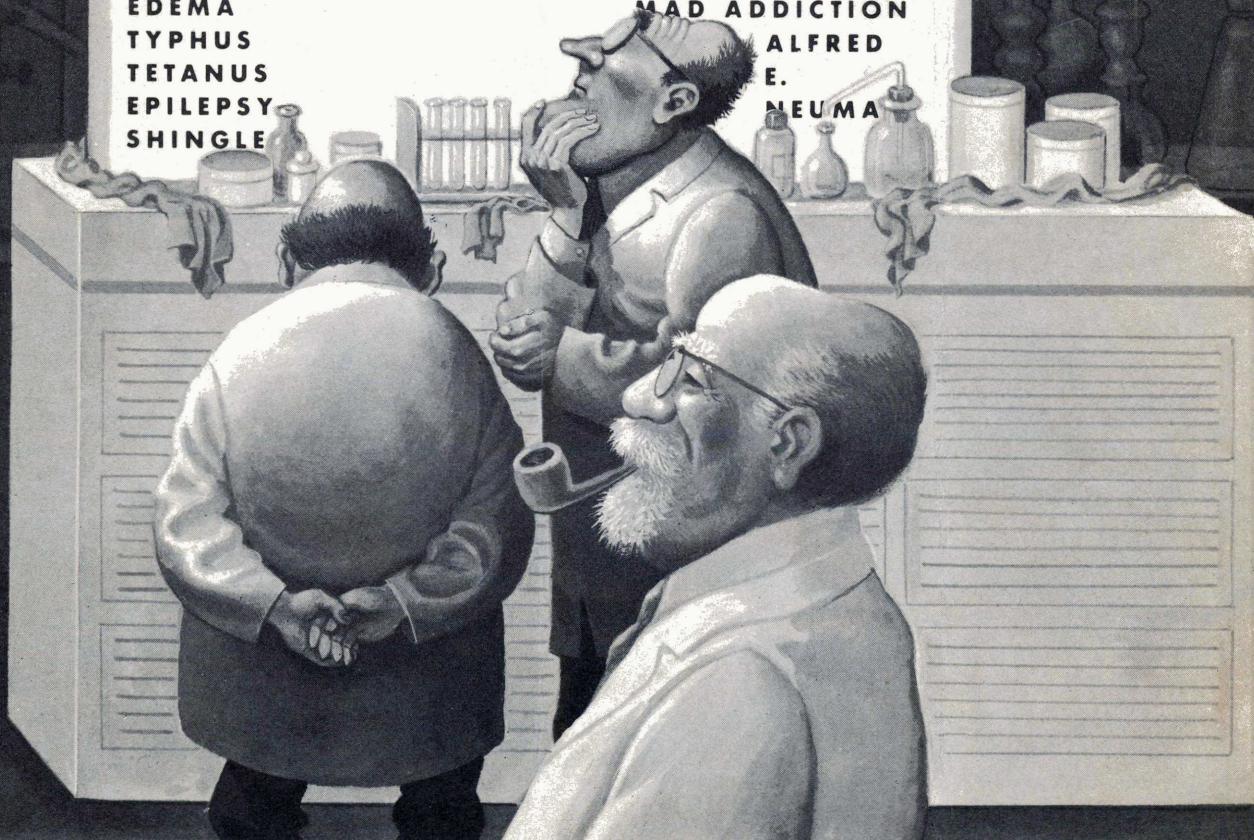
A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER TO LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

SCARLET FEVER
ARTHRITIS
FLU
ENCEPHALITIS
LETHARGICA
CHOLERA
INFANTILE PARALYSIS
GRIPPE
ASTHMA
RHEUMATISM
EDEMA
TYPHUS
TETANUS
EPILEPSY
SHINGLE

TUBERCULOSIS
HEART DISEASE
CONJUNCTIVITIS
BERI-BERI
DYSENTERY
HAY FEVER
VARICOSE VEINS
PELLAGRA
SEVEN YEAR ITCH
PNEUMONIA
MAD ADDICTION
ALFRED
E.
NEUMA



THE HEALTH OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, CRIPPLED AND SICK WITH
ALL THEM TERRIBLE DISEASES AND DISORDERS AND (YECCH!) OTHER
THINGS! THIS IS WHAT AMERICAN INDUSTRY'S SCIENTISTS KNOW IS REALLY IMPORTANT!



*M*ake *B*eautiful *H*air

B L E C C H

THERE ARE THREE BLECCH SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Are you a teenage boy with Beautiful Hair? Well no wonder the girls hardly notice you. Today, you've got to be a teenage boy with Blecch hair. Then the girls will scream with delight, roll on the floor and kick their feet when they see you. So why waste another minute? Shampoo your hair with Blecch tonight. Blecch comes in three special formulas:



- For dry hair—a special formula that takes neat crew-cut type hair and lays it down over your ears.
- For oily hair—loosens up that slick-combing stuff so it spills down over your eyes.
- For normal hair—gives it proper body so it mushrooms all over your head. Get the shampoo that's right for you, and make your hair "Blecch"! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

THIS ISSUE'S ECO

MAD

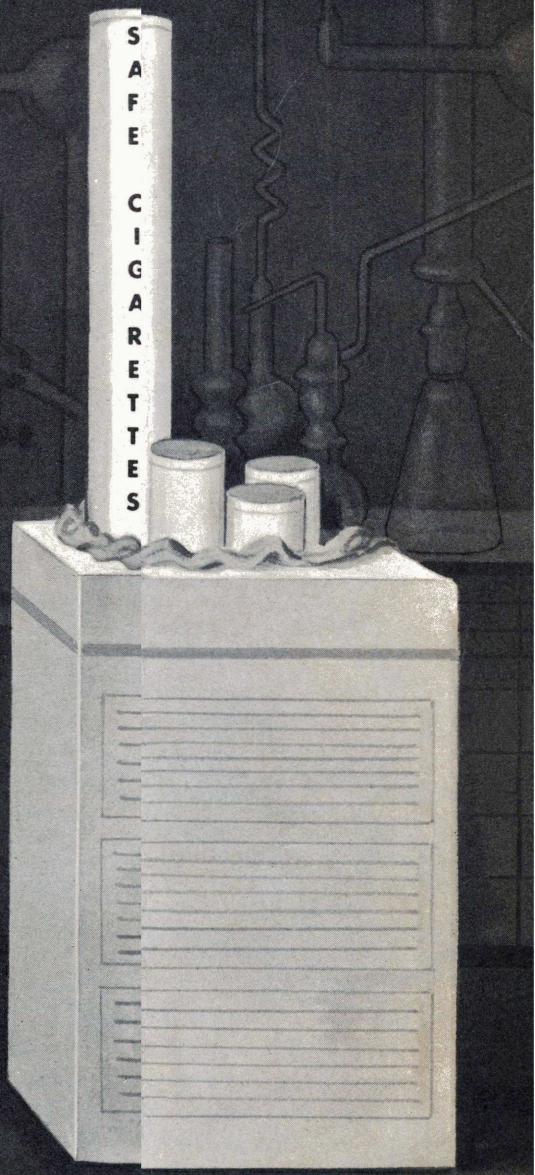
Millions of people
praying that cures
and researchers, etc.
Rest assured they
themselves to find



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

THE NEXT ROUGH THAT MILLIONS 'O DISCOVER

A B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



THE HECK WITH
ALL THEM OTHER
THINGS! THIS IS REALLY IMPORTANT!